Established Aug. 4, 1821. DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1865.

Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Whole Number Issued, 2,284. Single Number 5 Cents.

A MYSTERY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. ANNIE SEARS FISK.

My husband's name is Philip—
I am his little wife—
He says I am his darling, that
He loves me as his life!

My brother's name is Harold,
He wears a coat of blue,
He says the eyes of one he loves,
Are like to mine in hue.

They call my sister Edith,
She lays my cheek to hers,
And says I'm worthy of the love
Of countless worshippers!

I have a little treasure,
Her years are only three,
When night's soft wings are spread, she climbs
And nestles on my knee.

Oh what is there within me
That they should love me so?
What gracious grace have I, what charm
About me can they know?

I know not—but whatever
The blessed spell may be,
Morn, noon and night I thank my God
For the sweet mystery!

THE LITTLE NEWS-BOY.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY J. ALLEN.

All that li[ght] of August there was
a darkened [old] farm-house, while
the feet of [A]nnie went wandering down
to the brink [of] whose dark waters the
bravest may [cr]oss.

It was a d[ay] of brain fever, the
doctor said. [p]hysician more atten-
tive than Do[ctor] during that time of
peril. Never [a] watch over the couch
of her first-b[orn] re untiring care than
did Mrs. Wot[ton] adopted child of her
heart. Night [and] while the fever was at
its height, th[e] sleepless guard in the
sick room. [Mrs.] while they so watched,
and Annie m[ade] essed in the restlessness
of delirium, [the] nee was ablaze with
light, and al[l] ities of the county were
assembled [to] itness the marriage of
Madge Holt[on] ousin Frederic Tracy.

Doctor Ha[dyn] d and turned anxiously
to his patien[t] tes of a wedding march
floated acro[ss] scene of festivity. But
the joyous st[rain] d to possess some sooth-
ing power, f[or] tless tossing ceased, the
fierce exciter[ment] ally gave place to a rest-
ful quiet and [sleep], and at length the soft,
regular res[pira]nounced that she was
asleep. The [doctor] drew a deep breath of
relief, mutteri[ng] himself, "That devil's
work has don[e] good, though neither of
them intended [it]. e danger was past.

When Annie [was] rong enough to sit up a
few minutes at [a] e, and to make a brief
journey from he[r] mber to the sitting-room,
Doctor Hadyn ca[me] o say good-by. He had
sent his wife on wit[h] he bridal party, and him-
self remained to re[n]der what assistance he
could to those who h[ad] been most severely in-
jured by the railway [d]isaster, efficient medical
aid being somewhat di[f]ficult to obtain in that
secluded place.

"They are all able to be moved now, and you are almost recovered, s[o] there is no necessity for me to remain any longer," he said to Annie.

While they were talking, the irrepressible Dolly appeared, bringing several clusters of luscious, purple grapes and a card.

"Mr. Holmes and Miss Nellie Holton are in the parlor, ma'am, and want to know if they can have the pleasure of seeing you this morning."

Annie hesitated. Doctor Hadyn saw it and answered for her.

"Tell them that Miss Sheldon is too much fatigued to receive visitors just now, but she will be happy to see them—when?" turning to Annie.

"This afternoon or to-morrow as they may prefer," she said. "And say that I thank them for these nice grapes."

"Miss N[ellie] brought *them*, ma'am."

"Give [them] and thank us to Miss Nellie, th[at] went to deliver the message. Annie took up the card with a listless air and read the name in old English, "John Holmes."

"I thought he went with the rest."

"No, some business detained him here," replied the doctor. "Buying land, I believe. He has sent or called every day to inquire after you."

She listened, indifferently. What was it to her?

"Life had no promise for her to keep;
She had nothing to lose, she had nothing to win."

Doctor Hadyn watched her keenly; noting the perfect apathy in her face and voice and attitude. It pained him to see it, for this woman was one of the few whom he really liked and respected. If he could only help her—but that was impossible, he feared. The whole Materia Medica contained no remedy for heart sickness like this. He rose at last to go.

"You must take good care of your health, my child, and give your cheeks a chance to regain their lost roses. If you need a friend do not fear to trust John Holmes. He is a man of a thousand, and true as steel."

"No one could be truer than you have been," she said gratefully. The doctor's brown cheek colored like a girl's at these words of honest trust and confidence in his integrity. All the more gratifying to him because he knew that in that hour there was no other man living whom she so trusted.

"If she could only like John Holmes well enough to marry him her life might be a very happy one spite of this disappointment," he thought, but wisely refrained from saying anything more on the subject lest he might defeat the very plan he would fain have seen brought about.

The days dragged wearily after he was gone. There were many visitors at the farm-house as soon as it was known that Miss Sheldon was so much better as not to be injured by having company in the house—Mrs. Woods had resolutely excluded all till that time. Among them all few failed to allude to the one great topic of interest in that rural neighborhood, the wedding that had taken place at the great house, the splendid dresses of the bride, and the old squire's grief because his daughter was going to Europe to live.

Annie listened to it all as quietly as if the husband of Madge Tracy had never been anything to her. And when the winds of November blew bleak over the hills, and country friends gathered around warm firesides and bounteously laden thanksgiving tables, there was a wedding at the house of Farmer Woods. The good man and his wife and a few smiling neighbors wished the newly wedded couple "much joy" in the old-fashioned, primitive way, and Mrs. Woods cried a little as she bustled about making a pretence of being very busy, though there was really no necessity for her to do anything at all, everything being in the nicest order.

What though the bridegroom was just twice the age of the bride. He was good-humored, gallant, well-bred, and above all, wealthy. It was an honor to be the wife of John Holmes, and as for love, had she not proved its worth? What wonder, then, that Annie did as many another woman has done, sold her youth and womanly grace for gold and a high position, and went back to the city

"To a proud and stately mansion on a fashionable street,
In the modern style of grandeur, decked and furnished all complete
With her bridal bonnet on."

CHAPTER III.

"The folds of her wine-dark violet dress
Flow over the sofa, fall on fall,
As she sits in the light of her loveliness,
With a smile for each and for all.

"Could we find out her heart through that velvet and lace,
Can it beat without rumpling her sumptuous dress?
She will show us her shoulder, her bosom, her face,
But what her heart's like we must guess."

OWEN MEREDITH.

At twenty-three Annie Holmes was a fascinating woman. Not absolutely beautiful, for that she would never be, but brilliant, attractive, and greatly admired. More admired than any other lady in society, although she was too proud to flirt, as so many of the married belles about her thought it no harm to do.

And her husband? Those who knew him best said that marriage had not changed him in the least. Good-humored and gallant, as he had always been; honorable and just to friend and foe alike; kindly attentive to his wife. And yet I think that none but God and his own soul knew the depth of the change which those two years had wrought in him.

He had married for love.

His wife had never deceived him. Before accepting his offer of marriage she had told him, as something which it was her duty to do, the whole story of her acquaintance with Frederic Tracy; not sparing herself in the recital, concealing nothing. He was not discouraged. She had *some* confidence in him, he knew, else she would not have told him the story of her former betrothal. He believed that in time she would learn to care for him. She must, she was so precious to him; and he could wait.

Now, however, after three years of married life, he confessed to himself, in the bitterness of disappointment, that his hope had not been realized—never would be. Whatever pain this thought may have cost him, he concealed it resolutely. He was not a man to carry his sorrow in his face, and so publish it to the world—only devoted himself a little more assiduously to business, while Mrs. Holmes pursued the rounds of fashionable gayety, and, in sympathies, in heart, in all that goes to make a true union, these two, who had been joined together at the altar, were as widely apart as if an ocean had rolled its blue waters between them. And the world looked on and pronounced them a model couple. And mothers, good mothers, deceived by this fair outward seeming, wished that their young daughters might be as fortunate as Mrs. Holmes. Alas!

But Annie was not thinking of this as she sat, the centre of a brilliant circle, in Mrs. Granger's drawing-room. A gray-haired Vice President stood beside her chair, while around her were grouped wit and beauty, and wealth, and talent, and bravery. Diamonds blazed on arms and brow and bosom—costly toys which were the envy of half the women in the room—in her eyes of far less value than a simple bracelet of jet which Charley had once given her, laid away now, with a knife and ball, and one or two other articles of boyish property, in the most secret drawer of her cabinet.

From the shaded depths of the conservatory a man stood watching her. A fair, handsome man, with eyes blue as the dress she wore. It was Frederic Tracy, just returned from a three years' sojourn in Europe. Singularly enough, the first lady to whom he had been presented on his return was Mrs. Holmes. It was not strange that he failed to recognise her. This elegant, self-possessed woman of the world was very different from the girl who wore jasmine flowers in her hair, and sang old songs on the piazza at Farmer Woods's, and yet the two mingled together strangely in his thoughts as he looked at Mrs. [Hol]mes. Something in her voice and smile re[called] a far-off past sweet and beautiful. A time [for]—but low voices and the silken swish of a woman's garments in close proximity warned him to move away if he did not wish to play eavesdropper. He was turning to go, when his wife's voice, in accents of suppressed passion, caused him to pause.

"I tell you, Dr. Haydn," in a husky whisper, "that I *hate* her. Half an hour ago I went up to her and offered my hand as an old acquaintance. She looked at me, but did not take it. I thought she did not recognize me, and so mentioned my name by way of reminder, but she just glanced at me as if she had been a duchess speaking to a servant, and said, 'I have not the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Tracy.' I'll repay her for the insult if I die for it." And the angry woman set her teeth tightly together. Her companion was silent.

"If these people knew what a character she bore before Mr. Holmes married her, they would hardly worship her as they do now; and if *he* knew, he would cast her off, as she deserves."

"Mrs. Holmes is above the reach of slander," replied Dr. Hadyn significantly.

"Of slander, yes. But the truth, if it was known—"

"The truth! It strikes me, madam, that in this case you, of all others, should want truth kept in the back-ground."

"What do you mean? Do you dare—"

"Don't get excited, Mrs. Tracy. I merely meant to say that I shall tell what I know of a certain matter, if the safety of Mrs. Holmes's good name requires it."

"And what do you know, pray?" looking at him defiantly.

"Shall I tell you?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then. I remember a summer day, three years ago, when I was a guest at your father's house—the day before that dreadful railway accident. Perhaps you remember it."

A little gesture of impatience was her only reply.

"I was sauntering lazily through the woods that afternoon, when a light carriage containing you and Fred Tracy, came whirling along the road. While you were still in sight, and I was admiring Fred's horses, a sorry looking urchin met you and presented a note. You opened and read it; then, with well-acted embarrassment and hesitation, handed it to your companion. I saw him turn pale, and make a movement as if about to turn back, saying something about 'demanding an explanation;' but you clung to him, asking if he wanted clearer or stronger proof than he already possessed, and begging him, *for your sake*, to do nothing rashly. What else was said I do not know. I only saw you drop your head on Fred's shoulder as he drove on. Returning late to supper, I chanced to pick up among the shrubbery a slip of paper. It was a note, addressed to me, and signed by Annie Sheldon, requesting me to call at the farm-house, and bring with me her picture and the letters she had sent me, and she would return mine. It concluded with some terms of endearment, and a wild wish that she was dead, or that we had never met. I was completely mystified at first, for I possessed no such picture as was spoken of there, and had never written a line to nor received one from Miss Sheldon in my life.

"At that instant the scene I had witnessed in the forest flashed through my mind, and I comprehended the whole clearly. It was a well contrived plan to separate Fred and Annie, using my name and my friendship for her to accomplish the object. I went straight, with the note in my hand, to Fred's room, but he had gone out—was already on his way to see his promised wife, to whom his words of accusation were the deadliest of insults. After that I did not think it worth while to set him right. A man who could believe such a monstrous falsehood of one whom he professed to love, was worthy of nothing better than to become the dupe of a designing woman, who was using all her arts to secure him for a husband; and he is doubtless ignorant, to this day, that he was so duped; that the letter he thought a proof of guilt was only a clever forgery, written by the dainty hand of Madge Holton, while the pure little girl he cast off became the bride of a millionaire."

Frederic Tracy stepped out from the shadow of the tall flowering plants which had concealed him from view, and confronted the two standing there. Seeing him, the guilty woman covered her face with her hands and dropped into a chair. Without so much as a glance at her, Mr. Tracy turned to Doctor Hadyn.

"I heard what you were saying. Is it true?"

"It is God's truth."

"And you have never spoken of this to any one before?"

"Certainly not," said the doctor, proudly. "I had too much regard for Mrs. Holmes."

"And you watched over her in trouble and illness. You have stood her staunch friend always, while I, who loved her, said words that I would give my life to atone for."

Doctor Hadyn's eyes went involuntarily to the figure crouching in the chair. A look of cold determination came into Frederic Tracy's face.

"Shall I hand you to your carriage, madam?"

"Yes."

She arose unsteadily, and passed out to the cloak room, leaving the two men alone.

Great waves of music surged in, wild and sweet; the beauty of tropic blooms was about them; but, through all, Frederic Tracy saw only the woman he had lost. He turned presently to his companion.

"Does she know?"

Doctor Hadyn understood.

"No. I have never told her. I felt reluctant to speak or write to her on such a subject."

"I know. But I want you to overcome this reluctance for once, and do me a very great favor. Will you?"

"What is it you wish me to do?"

"I am going away in the morning, and I want you to explain to her—I can't; I have wronged her too deeply for that; but you are her friend. She trusts you." He took a card from his pocket and pencilled a few words upon it. "Give her this, and tell her—the truth."

"I will."

They shook hands in silence and parted.

Next morning a lady visitor told Mrs. Holmes between talk of braiding and jackets, of the rumor that Mr. Tracy had separated from his wife.

"Frederic Tracy, you know, who has just returned from Europe. They were both at Mrs. Granger's last night and returned home together, it is said. But he took the four o'clock train for Baltimore; and now a lawyer is busy arranging a divison of the property. Strange, isn't it?"

Annie listened to this gossip with smiling indifference. The time had gone by when the name of her old lover could affect her, and the conversation took another direction.

"Have you heard Mr. W—— yet, Mrs. Holmes?" asked Mrs. Dale, another caller. "He is splendid, they say. Will you go with me to-night and hear him? It would be a novelty, and I should so like to know what it is that makes him so popular." At this moment a servant entered with a letter for his mistress. Mrs. Holmes held it carelessly in her hand while she talked. "I'll stop for you, then, with the carriage," said Mrs. Dale, as she took leave.

When they were all gone, Annie went to her chamber to read the letter. She knew the handwriting well—recognized it instantly as that of her old friend and family physician, Doctor Hadyn. As she unfolded the sheet a card fell out. One side of this card was written quite over, in a hand which had once been as familiar to her as the bright, handsome face of the writer.

"Mrs. Holmes:—A penitent man craves your forgiveness for the wrong he did you long ago. I was a scoundrel ever to doubt you; but I was mad, I think, blinded by an artful woman. Before this reaches you I shall be on my way to Baltimore, there to embark again for Europe. Oh! madam, can you not, looking out from the safe shelter of your home happiness, bestow one thought of pardon and goodwill on the homeless, solitary man, who, in all the years to come, can never hope to look upon your face again? FREDERIC TRACY."

Doctor Hadyn's communication was as follows:—

"My Dear Madam:—You may think it unwarrantable presumption for me—old friend though I am—to address you on the subject I am about to mention, and I do so only at the earnest request of one who once stood in a very near relation to you—Frederic Tracy. I was aware, at the time, of your engagement to him, though neither of you told me. I knew, too, that his cousin, Madge Holton, was intensely jealous of you and anxious to secure him for herself, but I did not imagine the lengths to which she would go to gain her object—should never have known, perhaps, if chance had not made me acquainted with the facts.

"Every alluring art was employed to win Fred to her side and keep him there; failing in that, she conceived the idea of making my occasional visits at the farm-house, a ground of suspicion in his mind. Had I known this I should very quickly have frustrated the plot; but I did not suspect that my friendship for you, which was shared by my wife, could be so misconstrued. Miss Holton contrived that a note ostensibly addressed to me should fall, by apparent accident, into Frederic Tracy's hands. I happened to find this precious document—but not until all that Madge Holton had planned to do was accomplished. I send it to you. It is a skillful forgery, as you will perceive. And granting that Tracy really believed you to be the writer could have produced but one impression on his mind.

"Then came that railroad accident and your long illness—and I kept silence, thinking that a man who was cowardly enough to believe such an infamous falsehood of the woman he loved, was not fit, under any circumstances, to be intrusted with her happiness. From your ravings in delirium I learned what had passed at that last interview, and was confirmed in the resolution I had adopted never to clear up the misunderstanding which existed until the marriage of one or both of you rendered it impossible for him ever again to make shipwreck of your happiness. Before you recovered he was married to Madge Holton, and on his way to Europe.

"Last night I met Mrs. Tracy. She was in a rage at the coolness with which you had received her advances, and threw out dark hints as to what she had the power to do, if she chose. Then it was that this note and the knowledge it gave me became a sword in my hands, and I held it over her head, warning her to be very guarded in her statements as the most unpleasant of consequences might ensue. Just at this juncture Frederic appeared. He had overheard our conversation, and so learned the story of his wife's treachery and your innocence.

"I could have found it in my heart to pity him then. He gave me a card, which I enclose, begging me to give it to you and explain the dreadful mistake which had resulted so disastrously to him. He has separated from his wife, the wisest thing he ever did in his life, and again gone abroad. Madge pleaded hard to be spared the shame of exposure, [for] what is just as mortifying to her, the equivocal position of a deserted wife; but he was relentless, and it is quite probable that she will never see him again.

"And now, my child, let me say a word for myself. If I erred in adopting the course I did, I pray you to forgive me. I tried to keep your highest good in view throughout; to act for you as I would have acted for a young sister. But I cannot think that I was far wrong. I believe you are happier to-day as the loved and cherished wife of John Holmes, than you could ever have been with Frederic Tracy.

"Yours in friendship and respect,
"GEOFFERY HADYN."

Tears, the first she had shed for many a long, weary month, rained over the proud face of Annie Holmes as she buried it in the sofa pillows, sobbing convulsively. How plainly it all came up before her; her first experience in teaching; good, kind Mrs. Woods and her husband; that short, bright dream of love which she fondly believed was to last forever; that night when Frederic Tracy smote her in the face with an accusation, the remembrance of which brought the indignant blood redly to her cheeks even now; the words of the farmer piercing through the deathly stupor that enveloped her senses, "Charley is dreadfully hurt;" the crushed, maimed little form which sorrowful friends brought sadly home; the sickening anguish of the hours that followed, the death scene, and then—oblivion. How long this lasted she did not know—friends might divide it into days and weeks, to her it was a blank—as if she had died, and by some miracle returned to life. The coming back was slow, very slow, even under Doctor Hadyn's skillful care.

How kind he was to Charley. What a staunch, true friend to herself. He would live always in her recollection as the best man she had ever known, save one.

And Frederic Tracy? He had been more to her than other men; he was less to her now than any. Her love for him was dead utterly—how entirely she herself had never realized until this allusion to old times brought the past clearly before her once more. But there was one sentence in Doctor Hadyn's letter that haunted her thoughts:

"I believe you are happier to-day as the loved and cherished wife of John Holmes than you could ever have been with Frederic Tracy."

The words came to her like a revelation. She remembered the doctor's commendation of Mr. Holmes while they were yet almost strangers; "He is a man of a thousand; true as steel." He was all that and more, as she acknowledged to herself. No doubts or petty jealousies in this man's composition. And he loved her. He had told her so in words that every woman understands and almost every woman likes to hear; but they had had no meaning for her then. He offered her an honorable home and the protec-

tion of his name. These she accepted gladly; but as for love—she was sick of the word. Who knew better than she how little it was worth!

But in this hour of self communing, the young wife contrasted her own cold indifference and occasional wayward petulance with her husband's unwearied kindness and patience. It humbled her.

"How blind! how selfish I have been."

On the toilet-table was his latest gift—a delicate floral offering, pure and sweet as the fine, womanly taste to which it appealed. She took up the flowers and put them to her lips with a feeling of unwonted tenderness for the giver.

"If I only dared to tell him."

Dinner time came, and with it Mr. Holmes. Annie went down to meet him with some of the flowers in belt and bosom, and a strange flutter at her heart. He greeted her kindly, as usual; tried to laugh and talk cheerfully, but there was a weight on his mind she saw. What could it be? Was he sick? She put the last question, timidly.

"No, my dear, I am quite well."

She longed for him to say something that would give her an opportunity to tell him what was in her heart. But the wished for opportunity did not come. Mr. Holmes was oppressed by his own trouble, whatever it was, and did not observe her altered manner.

She looked after him wistfully as he went out of the room, thinking "He used to kiss me when he went, but I didn't care for kisses then, and I suppose he thinks I do not now."

Mr. Holmes paused with his hand on the street door.

"Tell your mistress," to a servant standing by, "tell your mistress that I shall not be at home till quite late; not before ten or eleven o'clock, probably."

At dark Mrs. Dale came with her carriage, and the two ladies went to church. They arrived early; too early, Annie thought, for the house was but dimly lighted, and scarcely a dozen present. All the seats being free, they were at liberty to select such as pleased them best, and, at Mrs. Dale's suggestion, chose one of the side slips at the left of the pulpit, from whence they could have a fair view of the congregation when it had collected. People came in, by twos and threes at first, later in throngs, and the house was soon filled to its utmost capacity.

Among the sea of faces, Annie saw many that were familiar to her; but few, if any, recognized *her*, arrayed as she was, in the plainest of brown silk dresses, her features shaded, and half concealed by a veil. It was a luxury to sit there quietly, without attracting any of that flattering attention which always greeted the banker's wife when she appeared in company. The vainest woman in the world tires of having the public eye *always* upon her. Mrs. Holmes was not vain, and this perpetual adulation wearied her almost beyond endurance sometimes.

After a while Mr. W. came in, attended by a brother minister, and the services began. This, then, was the famous preacher whose name had gone out through the length and breadth of the city. A small, plain man, compactly built, with nothing noticeable in his appearance excepting a pair of dark, penetrating, gray eyes. You felt sure that the owner of those eyes was a man of clear head and sound judgment; not given to extravagance of thought or speech or action; not liable to be deceived in himself or others. As he stood calmly facing his auditors, Mrs. Holmes found herself wondering what the charm might be that could attract such an audience as that assembled to hear him—not once only, but again and again.

When he began to speak, the wonder vanished. A good voice, not remarkable for strength, but wonderfully clear and sweet; an easy, distinct utterance and winning address were elements of success which he possessed in a remarkable degree. The discourse was a powerful one, clear, strong, forcible; every sentence aimed straight at the heart and conscience of the hearer. You felt that this man was intensely in earnest, and the intensity and earnestness quickly communicated itself to his hearers. And here and there, all over the house, quivering lips and bowed heads and anxious faces attested that the arrows of truth from the gospel quiver, aimed by a mighty archer, had sunk home.

Mrs. Holmes was deeply interested in all this, so different from the formal worship to which she was accustomed. Every Sabbath she was carried, velvet-bound and gold-clasped prayer-book in hand, to a fashionable temple, and sat for two or three hours among the luxurious cushions of her rosewood pew, while the imposing church-service was performed, and the sunlight fell soft through windows of stained glass, over men and women in elaborate toilettes, and a band of trained singers rendered choice selections from some favorite oratorio, and the deep roll of an organ swelled out on the scented air.

But this was very different—better, she thought; so she listened with almost childlike reverence to the exhortation which followed the sermon; the call for mourners; the prayers and the singing; the low-breathed exclamations of joy from some who had come sorrowing to the altar, burdened, like Christian, with a load of conscious sin, and found, like him, that at the foot of the Cross all burdens are removed. And looking at their radiant countenances, the world-weary woman realized for the first time in her life what a vital reality there is in the religion of Jesus Christ.

At the close, Mr. W. "opened the doors of the church" in these words:

"I implore you, as dying men and women, who have heaven to win and hell to shun, to give this subject your most serious consideration. 'Choose you this day whom you will serve,' and may the decision be one whose record you can fearlessly meet in Eternity. And now, while the brethren join in singing that good old hymn, 'Am I a soldier of the Cross,' if there are any present who wish to make a start for Heaven, I cordially invite you to come forward and give us your hand, at the same time giving God your heart."

While three hundred voices joined in singing that best of all revival hymns, the candidates for membership came forward; timid maidens and serious matrons; young men, eager to enlist under the blood-stained banner of King Immanuel; grave middle age; old men with the snow of life's winter sifted thickly among their locks. Foremost among the rest came John Holmes. Annie's heart thrilled as she saw him give his hand to Mr. W., and lowered her veil that no one might perceive her agitation. How noble he looked to the eyes that were watching him with newly-awakened fondness. He was changed too. The gloom and sadness had vanished from his face, and in their stead was an expression she had never seen there before—the outward expression of that inward joy which "passeth understanding."

Quick as lightning flashed across the young wife's mind the certainty that her husband had experienced that great, mysterious change of which the preacher had spoken; and with the thought came a sense of heart-sickening despair. Just in the hour when she had thought to be happy with her husband, came the discovery that a gulf lay between them, deeper, more impossible to be bridged than any which her pride and coldness had caused.

She would tell him all, as she had intended. It would be harder to do now, but that did not matter. He would forgive her, for the Master on whose service he had just entered commanded His followers to forgive those who had injured them, not seven times only but seventy times seven. But there could be no real sympathy between two who must walk in such different paths—one on the highway to Heaven, the other treading the rounds of fashion and frivolity.

"Do you know," whispered Mrs. Dale, as they made their way slowly down the crowded aisle, "do you know that I was strongly tempted to join the church myself, when I saw Mr. Holmes go forward?"

Annie did not answer, for there, a little way ahead, was Mr. Holmes, who had recognized and was waiting for them.

"You here, Annie?" he whispered as he drew her arm within his, while a member of Congress escorted Mrs. Dale. The three rode home together. At his own door, Mr. Holmes assisted Annie to alight, lifted his hat in courteous farewell to Mrs. Dale, and the carriage dashed off.

The husband and wife went up the steps together, and Mr. Holmes felt Annie's hand tremble as it rested on his arm. He thought she was cold, and led her into a cozy back-parlor where a cheerful fire was burning, and with characteristic politeness drew up a chair for her before the glowing grate. She did not take it, stood on the hearth trying with her shaking fingers to untie the knot of ribbons at her throat. He saw her difficulty and came to the rescue, saying, pleasantly,

"Let me help you. There," as he deftly removed her bonnet and loosened the fastenings of her cloak, and deposited both on the sofa. "Am I not a handy waiting-maid?"

She tried to smile and thank him, but found it difficult to speak at all. He leaned over her a moment—a manly, tender presence—and looked down gravely into her troubled face—

"Does my little wife disapprove of what I did to-night?"

"Disapprove! Oh! John," and before she thought, her arm was around his neck. It touched him deeply—the first purely voluntary caress she had ever given him. He encircled her waist with his arm, and drew her down upon his knee.

"What ails you, dear?"

"Oh, my husband, I never realized till to-night how good you were, nor how much I loved you."

John Holmes listened like one in a dream, hardly able to credit the evidence of his senses. Was this the woman whose heart he had despaired of winning? This shy, trembling creature who nestled at his side.

"My darling, my darling." He clasped her suddenly close to his heart, and the proud young head was laid tenderly on his breast. In that secure resting-place, Annie found courage to tell him all that had transpired; to confess, in broken, penitent words her regret for the coldness which had been such a poor return for his indulgent kindness; to whisper, with a timid little blush how she had learned at last to love him with her whole soul. And when he pressed passionate kisses on her mouth she did not draw away from him, but laid her smooth cheek against his bearded one, saying softly,

"My dear, *dear* husband."

So it came to pass that John Holmes's patience met with its exceeding great reward. Annie, on bended knee, thanks God for the kind providence which separated her from her early lover, and united her earthly destiny with that of the man whose love will never fail her; on whom she can rely as on "a great rock that cannot be removed out of its place."

☞ A NEW PROOF OF THE PREMEDITATION OF MURDER.—One of the most remarkable circumstances connected with the assassination is, that all the private boxes in the theatre had been engaged by unknown parties on the morning of Friday. They were unoccupied during the night, so that when Booth jumped on the stage after the commission of the act, he did not fear arrest from any parties who might have occupied them. This is but another, and one of the strongest evidences going to show the premeditation of the murder. The question now arises, who rented the boxes, and did it not naturally arouse suspicions on the part of somebody connected with the theatre to know that all the boxes were rented, and yet not occupied? Events will soon determine these mysteries.—*Cincinnati Gazette, April 20.*

☞ Epimenides said, "*All* Cretans are *liars*." Now Epimenides was himself a Cretan; *therefore*, Epimenides was a liar. But, if he was a *liar*, the Cretans were not liars. Now, if the Cretans were not liars, Epimenides was not a liar. But, if he was *not* a liar, the Cretans *were liars*.

☞ The late Mrs. Browning said rather sharply, in a letter to a friend, that so far as she could see, modern thought in matters religious was developing two great classes of thinkers, "those who tolerated everybody, because they believed nothing, and those who tolerated nobody, because they believed something."

☞ A correspondent of the Boston Advertiser says there is no truth in the statement that J. Wilkes Booth was soon to be married to a daughter of Senator Hale, nor was there the slightest foundation for the assertion.

☞ An Irish peasant being asked why he permitted his pig to take up his quarters with his family, made an answer abounding with satirical *naiveté*. "Why not? Doesn't the place afford every convenience that a pig can require?"

☞ A John Bull conversing with an Indian asked him if he knew that the sun never sets on the Queen's dominions. "No," said the Indian. "Do you know the reason why?" asked John. "Because God is afraid to trust an Englishman in the dark," was the dusky savage's reply.

☞ Sam Brannan, who is one of the richest men in California, on the receipt of the news in San Francisco that Charleston had fallen, held a private celebration, and had a hundred guns fired under his windows. About $2,500 worth of glass was broken in the neighborhood by the firing, but he paid the damage without a murmur.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1865.

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MONSIEUR TONSON COME AGAIN.

How long it does take to kill a plausible lie—a cat with its nine lives is nothing to it. Our readers will remember the interesting account of M. de Sora's Hen establishment in Paris, which account was selected by us from Chambers's London Journal, we should think about ten years ago—which went the rounds of the American press—which was proved to be a wholesale lie by certain Americans in Paris, who went on a search after the famous Henery in question, but found it to be a myth—and which account still crops out occasionally in the Agricultural departments of our American newspapers, probably when there is a dearth of other matter—well, now we have M. de Sora again, in the London "Once a Week," alluded to as follows:—

A WORD ON EGGS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

Sir,—In the Field of March 11, the statements which I brought forward in the columns of Once a Week (No. 219, Sept 5, 1863,) respecting the profits to be made out of egg-hatching, are seriously impugned, and the writer does not scruple to style the contents of my paper, "An Industrial Chance for Gentlewomen," a "pure invention;" or, further, to deny that there either is or has been any such establishment in France as that which I there describe as so satisfactory and successful in its results.

This, I own, is rather strange. The full narrative which afforded the material of my statement appeared in the Gardeners' Chronicle and Agricultural Gazette, Jan. 31, 1863, p. 100, a periodical of high repute, where Bell's Messenger is cited as the authority for the statements there made. Is it possible that a narrative so detailed and businesslike can be a hoax? The editor of the Gardeners's Chronicle had certainly no suspicion of it when he promised his readers, not very long since, a fuller report than the first of M. de Sora's establishment.

Is it not more probable that the writer in the Field has been too hasty in his imputations? With regard to myself, at least, he is wrong.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

It seems by the above that the M. de Sora hoax was first published in "Once a Week" in 1863, and after an interval of about eighteen months, the story is "seriously impugned." Considering the short distance from London to Paris, and the amount of intercourse between the two cities, our London friends seem to us even unusually "slow" in this matter. At this rate of detection, the falsehood will never die; but will probably ultimately find its place in sober history, as one of the proofs of the amazing ingenuity and productive inventiveness of the nineteenth century.

THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.—The Spring exhibition is now open. More than eight hundred paintings are said to be hanging on the walls—among which are some very fine, and a large number of very creditable works. We were unable to attend on the opening night, and suppose we could not have seen much if we had, owing to the crowd present.

A VERY DIFFERENT ANIMAL.—The Richmond papers had a great deal to say of the lion that was lying in wait for Sherman; but now it seems that it was not a lion, but a very cunning fox. Sherman would have known how to deal with a lion, but it appears he is not quite so well calculated to deal with foxes.

THE PRESIDENT'S DREAM.

"Before any great national event I have always had the same dream. I had it the other night. It is of a *ship sailing rapidly*."—*Abraham Lincoln at the last Cabinet meeting.*

"They are passed away as the swift ships."
—*Job* ix., *chap.* 26 *v.*

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Athwart the troubled waters swiftly sailing
Thou saw'st the phantom vessel cleave its way:
Around its path the wandering winds were wailing,
And white around it flashed the angry spray.
Alas! it flitted o'er a troubled ocean
Where withering winds swept wildly as it past,
And urged it onward with unquiet motion,
Tossed by the tempest long—but moored at last.

'Twas but the emblem of the swiftly gliding
And waning hours of thy imperilled life,
The briefness of thy glorious day betiding,
Thou Pilot on the sea of freedom's strife!
Thou too wert battling with the tempest's power:
Thine too a pathway o'er a stormy deep:
But now the port is gained, no storm clouds lower,
The bark is safe—oh! faithful Pilot, sleep!

As the swift ships that on the far-off waters
Wax dim and vanish—so we pass away
From life's sad ocean—so earth's sons and daughters
Fade like the shadows of the dying day;
But thou, our chief! hast left a noble story
Of truth and triumph for our sons to tell,
Thy vanished bark hath left a wake of glory
To follow thee along time's ocean swell.

Thou wert the vessel first God's message bringing,
Glad news of freedom to Columbia's strand,
From Afric's sons the tyrant's fetters wringing
"Proclaiming Liberty throughout the land."
Oh, now no blot of slavery shall stain us!
Henceforth we stand, a Commonwealth all free;
Thou wert the first that blessed boon to gain us,
Oh, Martyr on the shrine of Liberty!

Thy bark hath faded from earth's gloomy water;
Safe moored where never clouds nor storms arise,
Far from these billowy wastes all red with slaughter,
Thy post is won—the haven of the skies.
Thy sail is furled amid celestial islands,
'Neath fadeless sunlight and eternal day;
Why should we mourn that to those glorious skylands,
From troubled shores, the swift ship fled away?

Not unto thee—to us—belongs the sighing,
The wail of anguish and the falling tear!
Not unto thee—to us—the pang—the dying
Of proud hopes sinking withered by thy bier.
Ours, the wild dirge—the shrouded flag—the weeping—
The death bell tolling from the sombre dome;
Thine, the loved form in stilly grandeur sleeping,
The crown of glory, and the heavenly home.

FRANK.

☞ A New South Wales colonist recently resorted to the ingenious device of putting a living fly in the mouth of a dead man, and then guiding his hand to trace his signature to the writing that purports to be the will of the deceased person. Upon the trial he swore, with audacious assurance, "that he saw the testator sign the will with his own hand, whilst life was in him."

☞ The manner in which Burlington became for the time the seat of empire for Wisconsin Territory may not be regarded as quite on the square, yet in those early days the settlers felt at liberty to make the rules somewhat pliable. To make out the necessary population all the boarders in the place collected at one house, and were counted. They then passed ahead of the census-taker to the next house and were there counted, and so on to all the houses in the town, so that they were able to figure up a large population. The marshal said he was never before in a town where there were such a similarity of faces, but as his business was to count and not to scan, he asked no heedless questions.

☞ There is a clock at the Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloon, in Philadelphia, made by soldiers who have just returned from the rebel prisons. The main-spring is made from the blade of a sabre, which once belonged to Stonewall Jackson. The hands are made of a toasting-fork, taken from the kitchen of Vice President Stephens. The wheels are made from the mountings of carriages that belonged to rebels. The pillars holding the frame together are made of ramrods. Nearly all the parts are taken from some article or other picked up in the so-called southern Confederacy.

☞ A well known citizen of Baltimore committed suicide on Monday, under mysterious circumstances, and it is thought that he was connected with the conspiracy against the late President. His body has been exhumed, embalmed and sent to Washington.

THE STRONG STAFF BROKEN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"All ye that are about him bemoan him, and all that know his name say, How is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod."—*Jeremiah, 48th chap., 17th verse.*

Oh! Nation moan! bow low the head!
Weep for our loved Ruler dead
All ye that round about him stood,
And daily knew him true and good.
The Nation's staff is broken now,
The Nation in the dust must bow—
The beauteous rod is broke in twain,
Shall Ruler sway such rod again?
Not rod of iron that he held,
And miscreants by its stroke had fell'd;
With gentleness and peace entwined,
Justice and mercy seemed combined.
Lay him in his bloody grave,
Country that he died to save.
Though our tears for him will flow,
We can only lay him low.
Staff so strong, and beauteous rod,
Lay him low, beneath the sod.
The Martyr's crown shall grace his head,
Ruler, for his country dead,
Henceforth in GOD alone we trust,
To lift our Nation from the dust.

S. L. R.

One Little Month.

On the 20th of March the leaders of the rebellion had three strong armies east of the Mississippi. Lee had his veterans in Petersburg and Richmond, Johnston had a formidable force in North Carolina, and Maury, with Dick Taylor, had thirty thousand troops in the fortifications of Mobile. They mustered in all not far short of a hundred and fifty thousand men. Behind these powerful battalions Davis and his confederates were as defiant, if not as confident, as they were in April, 1861. Where are those armies now? Two of them are wiped out of existence as utterly as if no such thing as rebellion had ever been; and the third driven from Mobile, is nothing but a disorganized band of fugitives, with Wilson's ubiquitous cavalry in front, and Canby's victorious army in their rear. And they, too, according to the last news from New Orleans, are anxious to lay down their arms.

Lee's surrender restored the national authority over the whole of Virginia, Johnston's carries the flag over both Carolinas and Georgia. Throughout the whole of the territory over which Sherman made his wonderful winter campaigns, and which the rebels said would revert to the Confederacy as soon as his columns had passed away, there is now not an enemy in arms. West of the Chattahoochie, Wilson is undisputed master of Alabama, and he, with Canby, practically occupy and control all the country from that river to the Mississippi.

Such are the results of this "short, sharp and decisive" April campaign. They are such as must make the renown of American arms forever illustrious throughout the world. The combinations of the General-in-Chief were so complete in all their parts that every battle was decisive, for which ever way the beaten enemy turned to effect his escape, he found a powerful army across his path. These achievements will place Grant, Sherman, Meade, Sheridan and Thomas among [illegible] generals of any country in [illegible] *ager.*

A Notoriet[illegible]heldon [illegible] in London.

Miss Flight river[illegible] the Middle Temple this year to [illegible]lers know her as the little lous atte[illegible]novering about the courts ance was [illegible]rically. Doubtless she was Hadyn[illegible]re pen-and-ink sketch from mother[illegible] a fact, every inch of her. With m[illegible], stop the most learned judgeover thi[illegible]bench when in full swing of er night[illegible]nt. She would rise and shake wo kop[illegible]fist at the embodiment of [illegible] night[illegible]r, and exclaim, "Oh, you vised and t[illegible]ed man! Give me my propolton He[illegible]sandemus and have your [illegible] notabil[illegible] having continued in a [illegible]re to w[illegible]to or two, she would bind and her [illegible]ed tape"—at least, tape t[illegible]n frowns[illegible], and had followed her [illegible]as the no[illegible]—and either subside into from the [illegible]beside the barristers, or [illegible]rains seemi[illegible]m court. No usher had [illegible]r her res[illegible]nce!" or send forth the [illegible]ient gradu[illegible]nimal peculiar to that offi[illegible]composur[illegible]d nudged her under the [illegible]ration a[illegible] have done another, and w[illegible] physician[illegible]she been fairer. And the learned low t[illegible]patiently till the end, with a mile some[illegible]nly rising on the tip of the nose it" Th[illegible]e was in any way put out, would th[illegible]was s[illegible]ning had occurred, resume the threa[illegible]n tim[illegible]ened judgment, to be appealed again[illegible] cha[illegible], soon after. What the mystery is betwe[illegible] Flight and the bar, no one can tell. She [illegible]y have been the embodiment of a peculiar[illegible]wrong, and have appeared in the eyes of the [illegible]bewigged as a sort of ghost threatening the evil-doers with the shades. Perhaps she was pensioned merely out of some stray idea of benevolence. We scarcely thought of that in connection with the object of our comment, and yet to a certain extent it may be true, as she received from the right learned Middle Temple a sum of shillings per week which she added to a sum of shillings received from the right learned Inner Temple, and so she supported life. But why the learned of the law gave something for nothing, and were afraid of and respectful to the little woman, let no man inquire. The little woman's soul has, however, flitted, and we can say that, after all, the few young lawyers who know naught of her history will send after her whither she has gone a word of regret.—*Court Journal, April 8.*

☞ If life is measured by thoughts, emotions, deeds, and events, earnest men have lived a century in the last four years.

"One compact hour of crowded life
Is worth an age without a name."

☞ How like [illegible] on the dial thought is ever returning [illegible] of beginning—where we first [illegible] to live, where we first began to love; to the homestead and the trysting-place, the play-ground and the graveyard.

"Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off."

☞ It is reported at Nashville, that John Bell died in Alabama about three weeks ago.

LITERATURE AND POLITICS IN CALAVERAS, CALIFORNIA.

BY MARK TRAIN.

I read all the papers during my recent three months' stay in the Big Tree region of Calaveras county. Up there, you know, they read *everything*, because in most of those little camps they have no libraries, and no books to speak of, except now and then a patent-office report, or a prayer-book, or literature of that kind, in a general way, that will hang on and last a good while when people are careful with it, like miners; but as for novels, they pass them around and wear them out in a week or two. Now there was Coon, a nice bald-headed man at the hotel in Angels' Camp, I asked him to lend me a book, one rainy day; he was silent a moment, and a shade of melancholy flitted across his fine face, and then he said: "Well, I've got a mighty responsible old Webster-Unabridged, what there is left of it, but they started her sloshing around, and sloshing around the camp before I ever got a chance to read her myself, and next she went to Murphey's, and from there she went to Jackass, and now she's gone to San Andreas, and I don't expect I'll ever see that book again; but what makes me mad, is that for all they're so handy about keeping her sash-shaying around from shanty to shanty and from camp to camp, none of 'em's ever got a good word for her. Now Coddington had her a week, and she was too many for *him*—he couldn't spell the words; he tackled some of them regular busters, tow'rd the middle, you know, and they throwed him; next, Dyer, *he* tried her a jolt, but he couldn't *pronounce* 'em—Dyer can hunt quail or play seven-up as well as any man, understand me, but he can't *pronounce* worth a d—; he used to worry along well enough, though, till he'd flush one of them rattlers with a clatter of syllables as long as a string of sluice-boxes, and then he'd lose his grip and throw up his hand; and so, finally, Dick Stoker harnessed her, up there at his cabin, and sweated over her, and cussed over her, and rastled with her for as much as three weeks, night and day, till he got as far as R———, and then passed her over to 'Lige Pickerell, and said she was the all-firedest dryest reading that ever *he* struck; well, well, if she's come back from San Andreas you can get her and prospect her, but I don't reckon there's a good deal left of her by this time; though time was when she was as likely a book as any in the state, and as hefty, and had an amount of general information in her that was astonishing, if any of these cattle had known enough to get it out of her;" and ex-corporal Coon proceeded cheerlessly to scout with his brush after the straggling hairs on the rear of his head and drum them to the front for inspection and roll-call, as was his usual custom before turning in for his regular afternoon nap. But as I was saying, they read everything up there, and consequently all the Art criticisms, and the "Parlor Theatricals vs. Christian Commission" controversy, and even the quarrels in the advertising columns between rival fire-proof safe and sewing-machine companies, were devoured with avidity. Why, they eventually became divided on these questions, and discussed them with a spirit of obstinacy and acrimony that I have seldom seen equalled in the most important religious and political controversies. I have known a Grover & Baker fanatic to cut his own brother dead because he went for the Florence. As you have already guessed, perhaps, the county and township elections were carried on these issues alone, almost. I took sides, of course—every man had to—there was no shirking the responsibility; a man must be one thing or the other, either Florence or Grover & Baker, unless, of course, he chose to side with some outside machine faction, strong enough to be somewhat formidable. I was a bitter Florence man, and I think my great speech in the bar-room of the Union Hotel, at Angels', on the night of the 13th of February, will long be remembered as the deadliest blow the unprincipled Grover & Baker cabal ever got in that camp, and as having done more to thwart their hellish designs upon the liberities of our beloved country than any single effort of any one man that was ever made in that county. And in that same speech I administered a scathing rebuke to the "Lillie Union and Constitution Fire and Burglar Proof Safe Party," (for I was a malignant Tilton & McFarland man, and would break bread and eat salt with none other,) that made even the most brazen among them blush for the infamous and damnable designs they had hatched and were still hatching against the Palladium of Freedom in Calaveras county. The concluding passage of my speech was considered to have been the finest display of eloquence and power ever heard in that part of the country, from Rawhide Ranch to Deadhorse Flat. I said:

"FELLOW-CITIZENS—A word more, and I am done. Men of Calaveras—men of Coyote Flat—men of Jackass—beware of Coddington! [Cheers.] Beware of this atrocious ditch-owner—this vile water-rat—this execrable dryland shrimp—this bold and unprincipled mud-turtle, who sells water to Digger, Chinaman, Greaser and American alike, and at the self-same prices—who would sell you, who would sell me, who would sell us all, to carry out the destructive schemes of the 'Enlightened [bah!] Freedom Union Grover & Baker Loop-Stitch Sewing-Machine Party,' [groans] of which wretched conglomeration of the ruff-scruff and rag-tag-and-bob-tail of noble old Calaveras he is the appropriate leader—beware of him! [Tremendous applause.] Again, I charge you as men whom future generations will hold to a fearful responsibility, to beware of Coddington! [Tempests of applause.] Beware of this unsavory remnant of a once pure and high-minded man! [He used to belong to the Florence at first.] [Renewed applause.] Beware of this faithless modern Esau, who would sell his birthright of freedom and ours, for a mess of pottage!—for a mess of tripe!—for a mess of sauer-kraut and garlic!—for a mess of anything under the sun that a Christian Florence patriot would scorn and a Digger Indian turn from with loathing and disgust! [Thunders of applause.] Remember Coddington on election day and remember him but to damn him! I appeal to you, sovereign and enlightened Calaverasses, and my heart tells me that I do not appeal in vain! I have done." [Earthquakes of applause that made the welkin tremble for many minutes, and finally died away in hoarse demands for the villain Coddington, and threats to lynch him.]

I felt exhausted, and in need of rest after my great effort, and so I tore myself from my enthusiastic friends and went home with Coddington to his hospitable mansion, where we partook of an excellent supper and then retired to bed, after playing several games of seven up for beer and booking some heavy election bets.

The contest on election-day was bitter and to the last degree exciting, but principles triumphed over party jugglery and chicanery, and we carried everything but the Constable, (Unconditional Button-hole Stitch, and Anti-Parlor Theatrical candidate,) and Tax Collector, (Moderate Lillie Fire-Proof and Fusion Grover & Button-Hole Stitch Machines,) and County Assessor, (Radical Christian Commission and Independent Sewing Machine candidate,) and we could have carried these, also, but at the last moment fraudulent hand-bills were suddenly scattered abroad containing sworn affidavits that a Tilton & McFarland safe, on its way from New York, had melted in the tropical sunshine after fifteen minutes' exposure on the Isthmus; also that the lock-stitch, back-stitch, fore-and-aft, forward-and-back, down-the-middle, double-and-twist, and the other admirable stitches and things upon which the splendid reputation of the Florence rests, had all been cabbaged from the traduced and reviled Button-Hole Stitch and Grover & Baker machines; also, that so far from the Parlor-Theatrical-Christian-Commission controversy being finished, it had sprung up again in San Francisco, and by latest advices the opposition was ahead. What men could do, we did, but although we checked the demoralization that had broken out in our ranks, we failed to carry all our candidates. We sent express to San Andreas and Columbia, and had strong affidavits—sworn to by myself and our candidates—printed, denouncing the other publications as low and disreputable falsehoods and calumnies, whose shameless authors ought to be driven beyond the pale of civilized society, and winding up with the withering revelation that the rain had recently soaked through one of Lillie's Fire and Burglar-Proof safes in San Francisco, and damaged the books and papers in it; and that, in the process of drying, the safe warped so that the door would not swing on its hinges, and had to be "prized" open with a butter knife. Oh, but that was a rough shot! It blocked the game and saved the day for us—and just at the critical moment our reserve (whom we had sent for and drummed up in Tuolumne and the adjoining counties, and had kept out of sight and full of chain-lightning, sudden death and scorpion-bile all day in Tom Deer's back-yard) came filing down the street as drunk as loons, with a drum and fife and lighted transparencies, daylight and dark were all the same to *them* in *their* condition,) bearing such stirring devices as:—

"*The Florence is bound to rip, therefore,* LET HER RIP!"

"*Grover & Baker, how are you now?*"

"*Nothing can keep the opposition cool in the other world but Tilton & McFarland's Chilled Iron Safes,*" etc., etc.

A vast Florence machine on wheels led the van, and a sick Chinaman bearing a crippled Grover & Baker brought up the rear. The procession reeled up to the polls with deafening cheers for the Florence and curses for the "loop-stitch scoun'rels," and deposited their votes like men for freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of conscience in the matter of sewing machines, provided they are Florences.

I had a very comfortable time in Calaveras county, in spite of the rain, and if I had my way I would go back there, and argue the sewing machine question around Coon's bar-room stove again with the boys on rainy evenings. Calaveras possesses some of the grandest natural features that have ever fallen under the contemplation of the human mind—such as the Big Trees, the famous Morgan gold mine which is the richest in the world at the present time, perhaps, and "straight" whiskey that will throw a man a double somerset and limber him up like boiled maccaroni before he can get his glass down. Marvellous and incomprehensible is the straight whiskey of Angels' Camp!—*Californian.*

WHAT THEY DRINK.—Persons can judge of the character of the stuff which is now sent from France as wine and brandy by what a Bordeaux merchant writes to Paris to an American there. He says some United States army contractors have made contracts here for Bordeaux "wine," which, independent of the wood, freight, duties, &c., is to cost a little less than two sous a bottle. Of course, there is not a particle of wine used in its composition, which is beet-root brandy, water, coloring matter and some stringent. This nourishing and healthful compound is probably to be used as hospital stores, and served out to convalescent soldiers, or to be sold by suttlers to them at the rate of $2 a bottle.

AN INCIDENT IN BOOTH'S LIFE.—Mr. Duncan, a reliable citizen of Pittsburg, has just returned from Meadville, and mentions a singular circumstance in connection with the assassin Booth. While stopping at the McHenry House, in Meadville, on the 4th of June last, Booth wrote on a pane of glass with his diamond ring the following words: "Abe Lincoln, departed this life August 13th, 1864, by the effects of poison."

Booth's name was written on the hotel register in the same handwriting. Several of his friends at different times occupied the same room. A complete register has been kept of all the names of the occupants of that room since June last.

☞ It is pretty evident that Lee, Beauregard and Hardee have little regard for their wives. Each of these gentlemen had proclaimed in speeches throughout the press that no lady would be safe if the Yankees got possession of the "sunny land." Yet Beauregard left his wife in New Orleans when Butler took possession of that city; Hardee left his wife in Savannah under the same circumstances, and Lee followed suit.

☞ Paine, the alleged assailant of Mr. Seward, who was arrested while entering the house of Surat, in Washington, attempted to commit suicide recently, by butting out his brains against the iron walls of his prison. The bumping attracted the attention of his jailor, who found, on examination, that the prisoner had seriously injured himself. To prevent further injury his hands were confined, and a cap, stuffed full and large, so as to act as a pad, was fastened upon his head.

☞ A Washington letter states that there are about one hundred and fifty persons imprisoned in that city on suspicion of being in some way connected with the assassination of Mr. Lincoln.

☞ The Burmese apply their noses and cheeks closely to a person's face, and then exclaim:—"Give me a smell;" attributable to their great use of perfumes. We shall hear of the same practice in the oil regions before long.

DEATH OF THE ASSASSIN BOOTH.

The Washington Star of April 27th says:

To Col. L. C. Baker, special detective of the War Department, and his admirably trained detective force, and to the New York cavalry, active participants in the seizures, the country owes a debt of gratitude for this timely service. It seems that a detachment of the 16th New York Cavalry, numbering about 25 men, which were despatched from the city on Monday, under direction of Colonel L. C. Baker, special detective of the War Department, in command of Lieutenant Dougherty, accompanied by one of Colonel Baker's officers, captured and killed Booth, and captured Harrold, one of his accomplices, alive.

The cavalry landed at Belle Plain in the night, and immediately started out in pursuit of Booth and Harrold, having previously ascertained from a colored man that they had crossed the river into Virginia at Swan Point, in a small canoe, hired by Booth from a man for $300. Proceeding on towards Bowling Green, some three miles from Port Royal, Lieut. Dougherty, who was in command of the cavalry, discovered that Booth and Harrold were secreted in a large barn, owned by a man named Garrett, and were well armed. The cavalry then surrounded the barn and summoned him and his accomplice to surrender.

Harrold was inclined at first to accede to the request, but Booth accused him of cowardice. Then they both peremptorily refused to surrender, and made preparations to defend themselves.

In order to take the conspirators alive, the barn was fired, and the flames getting too hot for Harrold, he approached the door of the barn and signified his willingness to be taken prisoner.

The door was then opened sufficiently to allow Harrold to put his arms through, that he might be handcuffed, and as an officer was about placing the irons on Harrold's wrists, Booth fired upon the party from the barn, which was returned by Sergeant Barton Corbett, of the 16th New York, the ball striking Booth in the neck, from the effects of which he died in about four hours. Booth, before breathing his last, was asked if he had anything to say, when he replied, "Tell my mother that I died for my country."

It appears that Booth and Harrold left Washington together on the night of the murder of President Lincoln, and passed through Leonardtown, Md., concealing themselves in the vicinity until an opportunity was afforded them to cross the river at Swan Point, which they did as above stated. The man who hired Booth and his accomplice the boat in which they crossed the river was captured, we understand, but afterward made his escape.

Booth and Harrold reached Garrett's some days ago, Booth walking on crutches. A party of four or five accompanied them, who spoke of Booth as a wounded Marylander on his way home, and that they wished to leave him there a short time, and would take him away on the 26th, (yesterday.)

Booth limped somewhat, and walked on crutches about the place, complaining of his ankle. He and Harrold regularly took their meals at the house, and Booth kept up appearances well.

One day, at the dinner-table, the conversation turned on the assassination of the President, when Booth denounced the assassination in the severest terms, saying that there was no punishment severe enough for the perpetrator. At another time some one said in his presence that rewards amounting to $200,000 had been offered for Booth, and that he would like to catch him, when Booth replied: "Yes, it would be a good haul, but the amount will doubtless soon be increased to $500,000."

The two Garretts, who lived on the place, allege that they had no idea that these parties (Booth and Harrold) were any other than what their friends represented themselves—paroled rebel prisoners on their way home. They also say that when the cavalry appeared in that neighborhood, and they heard that they were looking for the assassins, they sent word to them that these two men were on the place; in other words, they assert that they are entirely innocent of giving the assassins any aid or comfort, knowing them to be such.

Harrold, thus far, it is stated, has manifested no disposition to speak of the affair; but as he was known as a very talkative young man, he may soon resume the use of his tongue.

Booth and Harrold were dressed in rebel grey uniforms. The stuff is new. Harrold was otherwise not disguised much. Booth's moustache had been cut off, apparently with scissors, and his beard allowed to grow, changing his appearance considerably. His hair had been cut somewhat shorter than he usually wore it.

Bowling Green, near which place Booth was killed, is a post village, Caroline county, Va., on the road from Richmond to Fredericksburg, 45 miles north of the former, and is situated in a fertile and healthy region. It contains two churches, three stores, two mills, and about three hundred inhabitants.

The statement heretofore published, that Booth had injured one of his legs, has proved to be correct. After he was shot, it was discovered that one of his legs was badly injured, and that he was compelled to wear an old shoe and use crutches, which he had with him in the barn. Booth was shot about four o'clock in the morning, and died about seven o'clock.

Booth had upon his person some bills of exchange, but only about $175 in Treasury notes.

Booth's body, which we have before described, was at once laid out on a bench, and a guard placed over it. The lips of the corpse are tightly compressed, and the blood has settled in the lower part of the face and neck. Otherwise the face is pale, and wears a wild, haggard look, indicating exposure to the elements, and a rough time generally in his skulking flight. His hair is disarranged and dirty, and apparently had not been combed since he took his flight. The head and breast is alone exposed to view, the lower portion of his body, including the hands and feet, being covered with a tarpaulin thrown over it. The shot which terminated his accursed life entered on the left side at the back of the neck, a point, curiously enough, not far distant from that in which his victim, our lamented President, was shot.

A Spencer carbine, which Booth had with him in the barn at the time he was shot by Sergeant Corbett, and a large knife, with blood on it, supposed to be the one which Booth cut Major Rathbone with in the theatre box on the night of the murder of President Lincoln, and which was found on Booth's body, have been brought to the city. The carbine and knife are now in the possession of Col. Baker, at his office.

The bills of exchange, which are for a considerable amount, found on Booth's person, where drawn on banks in Canada in October last. About that time Booth was known to have been in Canada.

It is now thought that Booth's leg was fractured in jumping from the box in Ford's Theatre upon the stage, and not by the falling of his horse while endeavoring to make his escape, as was at first supposed.

The greatest curiosity is manifested to view the body of the murderer, Booth, which yet remains on the gunboat in the stream, off the Navy-Yard. Thousands of persons visited the yard to-day in the hopes of getting a glimpse at the murderer's remains, but none were allowed to enter who were not connected with the yard. The wildest excitement has existed here all day, and regrets are expressed that Booth was not taken alive. The news of Booth's death reached his mistress while she was in a street car, which caused her to weep bitterly, and drawing a photograph likeness of the murderer from her pocket, kissed it fondly several times.

Harrold, thus far, has evaded every effort to be drawn into conversation by those who have necessarily come in contact with him since his capture, but his outward appearance indicates that he begins to realize the position in which he is placed, and that there is no hope for his escape from the awful doom that certainly awaits him. His relatives and friends in this city are in the greatest distress over the disgrace that he has brought upon himself.

After the identification, by order of the War Department, the body was privately interred, in the clothing which was upon it at the time Booth was shot. Previous to being landed at the navy-yard the body of Booth was for a time placed upon a gunboat in the harbor, and some of the officers availed themselves of the opportunity to secure locks of the hair of the murderer.

WHAT HARROLD SAYS.—Harrold says that he was outside of the theatre on horseback, awaiting Booth's coming out, the night of the assassination; that somehow Booth got out and past him without his seeing him, and that he galloped four miles across Anacosta Bridge before he overtook Booth.

He says Booth injured his leg by jumping on the stage, and not by falling off his horse, as has been stated; that they changed their intended course, and rode directly to the house of Dr. Mudge, near Port Tobacco, to have it cared for; that they secreted themselves thereabouts several days, saw our scouts pass and repass, and finally got across the Potomac by paying $300 for an old scow; that Booth had to use crutches, and that when they reached the west bank of the Potomac they accidentally met two rebel officers in a two-horse wagon, who took them as far as Garrett's house on their road to Louisa Court-house.

Harrold is a weak, trifling boy of a man, and his statements are known to be partly true and partly false. It is believed he will make a full confession.

Assumed Names.

For those interested in literary matters we give the following list of leading writers, with their assumed signatures:

Gail Hamilton—Miss Abigail E. Dodge.
Florence Percy—Mrs. Elizabeth Akers.
Timothy Titcomb—Dr. J. G. Holland.
Orpheus C. Kerr—Robert H. Newell.
Mrs. Partington—P. B. Shillaber.
Artemus Ward—Charles F. Browne.
Doesticks P. B.—Mortimer Thompson.
K. N. Pepper—James M. Morris.
Mace Stopper, Esq.—C. G. Leland.
Josh Billings—Henry W. Shaw.
Jeems Pipes—Stephen Massett.
Ned Buntline—E. Z. C. Judson.
Edmund Kirke—J. R. Gilmore.
Country Parson—A. K. H. Boyd.
Mary Clavers—Mrs. C. M. Kirkland.
Currer Bell—Charlotte Bronte.
Village Schoolmaster—Chas. M. Dickinson.
Owen Meredith—Bulwer, Jr.
Barry Cornwall—Wm. Proctor.
Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"—Miss Muloch.
Ike Marvel—Donald G. Mitchell.
Jennie June—Mrs. Jennie Croly.
Fanny Fern—Wife of James G. Parton, (the Historian) and sister of N. P. Willis.
Petroleum V. Nasby—D. R. Loke.
Howard Glyndon—Miss Laura C. Redden.—*Exchange Paper.*

A BRIDE BURNT TO DEATH.—A very distressing event, which formed the subject of an inquiry before the East Riding coroner, on Saturday afternoon, has occurred at Norton, Malton. From the evidence given at the inquest it appeared that a young person, named Annie Elizabeth Marshall, who had been housekeeper in her brother's house in Rosedale, North Riding, had gone from there to Norton for the purpose of being married. She and her lover, it seems, had sat up one night, and on the following evening the husband-elect again remained with his sweetheart after the family had gone to bed. It seems that both fell asleep, a stick on the fire fell off and ignited the dress of the girl. The young man, on awakening, found his intended wife in flames, in striving to subdue which he was severely burnt. The poor girl was most fearfully injured, especially about the head, and lingered in torture till Saturday morning, when death ensued.—*Leeds Mercury.*

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.—The Superintendent of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb relates the following strange story:

On the Wednesday night preceding the President's assassination, a little deaf and dumb girl in our institution got up in her sleep, went to a classmate, and after rousing her, spelt with the manual alphabet, "Lincoln is shot." In the morning the somnambulist knew nothing of the circumstance till informed of it by her friend, in the presence of others. The incident would probably never have been recalled but for the sad emphasis which after events gave it. It now seems one of those cases of prescience which so often arise to puzzle mental philosophers.

☞ In Sheldon, Vermont, on the 15th of April, the pastor naturally preached on the death of President Lincoln, and an aged secessionist, after listening as long as he could to the scathing denunciation of traitors and assassins, got up and left the church. Just as he got to the door the minister called out to him, "Don't stop, brother, till you get to Canada," which was responded to by a hearty amen from the whole congregation.

LATEST NEWS.

The rebel ram Webb is reported to have run out of the Red river on the evening of the 23rd ult., passing all the gunboats and iron-clads. She was fired at by the monitor Manhattan, but immediately shot past that vessel. She continued on down the river, and was met fifty miles above New Orleans on the morning of the 24th. Some assert that Jeff. Davis is on board, making his escape to Havana.

Rebel accounts of Gen. Wilson's march say that the enemy fought desperately, but was defeated, and lost West Point, Columbus and Montgomery. All the rolling stock and bridges on the Montgomery and West Point railroad were burned. Griffin was surrendered by the mayor.

The number of men surrendered by Johnston is 27,400, including all the militia from South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia and the Gulf states.

The Newbern correspondent of the New York Herald gives a rumor that Wade Hampton had been killed by Joe Johnston in a quarrel about the surrender.

Jeff Davis is reported to have passed through Charlotte, on his way southward, on the 23d inst., escorted by a brigade of cavalry.

Secretary Seward continues to improve. Mr. F. Seward was considerably exhausted on Sunday evening, from hemorrhages which occurred in the afternoon, but which were speedily checked.

Nine hundred rebels surrendered on the 28th, at Cumberland Gap.

Gen. Gideon J. Pillow has offered to take the amnesty oath.

The steamer Peruvian, from Liverpool on the 20th, passed Father Point yesterday. The news of the fall of Richmond caused great excitement in the market in London, and a very large business was done in five-twenties. The London Morning Advertiser states that on the fall of Richmond Napoleon proposed a treaty with England against the United States in the event of an attack on Cuba.

☞ The funeral of President Lincoln at Springfield, Ill., take place on May 4th.

☞ A dispatch from Gen. Grant, dated Raleigh, 10 P. M., April 26, just received by the War Department, states that "Johnston has surrendered the forces in his command, embracing all from here to the Chattahoochie, to Gen. Sherman, on the basis agreed upon between Lee and myself for the Army of Northern Virginia." Accounts via Newbern say that Grant gave Johnston up to 6 A. M. on the 26th to surrender, and Johnston is said to have replied that if Jeff. Davis and the leading general officers of the "Confederacy" were pardoned and allowed to leave the country he would accept the terms. The dispatch from Gen. Grant shows that Johnston's proposition was not accepted.

☞ The rebel prisoners at Point Lookout, numbering 22,000, have passed resolutions expressing their abhorrence of the assassination of President Lincoln.

☞ Stoning, beating and robbing Chinamen is a favorite amusement with roughs in California. Dogs are carefully taught to snap at their long queues, and bring them up from behind "all standing."

☞ About the worst misdirection of a letter we ever heard of was deciphered at the Montreal post office a few days since. "Sainte Therese" was written "Centre Race."

☞ An engine and boiler has been set up in the Gould & Curry mine, 250 feet under ground. The smoke-stack is 270 feet long.

☞ CONUNDRUMS.—What was Eve made for? Adam's Express company.

☞ There are now nearly 70,000 rebel prisoners in Northern hands, besides those paroled in Lee's army. 5,000 Union soldiers are being exchanged at Darien, Ga., and when the exchange is completed, there will be scarcely a Northern prisoner in the South.

☞ Apprehensions are felt in Cuba of an insurrection among the slaves. It is said that large deposits of arms have been found, and several negroes have been arrested.

☞ The Toronto Globe says that when the news of the assassination reached Toronto on Saturday morning, a lot of Southern refugees in that city assembled at the chief hotel, and entered upon a noisy debauch in honor of the sad event. A clergyman among them at the breakfast table remarked in a loud voice "that Lincoln had gone to hell a little before his time."

☞ Gen. Grant telegraphed from Raleigh, on Monday morning, that he had delivered to Gen. Sherman the reply to his negotiation with Johnston. Word was immediately sent to Johnston terminating the truce, and informing him that civil matters could not be entertained in any convention between army commanders.

☞ One of the last acts of the lamented Richard Cobden was to send a generous contribution to a poor, sick, distressed American seaman, whose pitiful case had become public through the newspapers. It is believed that he accelerated his death by hastening to London to speak on the Canadian defenses bill, and to denounce the groundless mistrust entertained by Whig and Tory wiseacres against the United States. In his death this government lost one of its truest and most steadfast friends.

☞ The difference between the weight of wheat and the weight of all the miller obtains from wheat is generally found to be one pound in a bushel, even in the most perfect mills.

☞ On the 14th of April Major-General Burnside mailed, in New York, his resignation to President Lincoln. The latter never received it.

☞ NEVADA.—Some people abbreviate the name of the state of Nevada, on envelopes and newspaper wrappers, "Ns." That is liable to be, as it has often been, misinterpreted for "Nebraska." Write it Nev., and no mistake need be made.

☞ GOLDEN HAIR NOT A NEW IDEA.—The age for golden hair which agitates Paris, just now, is no imperial novelty. Firenzuola, the early Italian writer, says, as if the point admitted of no dispute, that the proper color of a lovely woman's hair is golden; and the Venetian women were accustomed to anoint their hair and then sit upon the house-roof, allowing the blazing sun to stream down upon their heads, in the hope of catching the golden tint so loved by artists.

☞ When Elias Howe first invented his improvement to the sewing machine, he worked in its development for a Mr. Thomas, who paid him $15 a week. At this time his family were in utter destitution. Now the royalty from his patent yields him an income of $250,000 a year.

☞ An eloquent clergyman, famous for his extemporaneous appeals, was complimented by an aged parishioner the other day on the excellence of his *ex-trumpery* discourses.

OVER THE DEAD PRESIDENT.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

The shadow of the bravo
  Falls dark in the President's hall;
Mourning emblems shiver and swing
  On turret and doorway and wall.
The places of trade are deserted—
  The nation is drowned in tears:
No blow like this a people has cursed
  In a thousand rolling years.

No marvel that the feeling
  Is terrible, sad and deep!
For a shudder lies in this dastard crime,
  Like Macbeth "murdering sleep;"
And no wonder that the nation
  Thrills cold through its nerves and veins,
When the Borgia's crime, in this favored day,
  In Freedom's Land obtains.

There may well be weeping and mourning
  For the nation's future weal,
When the true conservative, caring for all,
  Grows a mark for bullet and steel;
And we well may pause for an answer—
  Where and how will the tragedy end,
And what must the fate of foemen be
  When death is the doom of the *friend!*

But for *him*—no sorrow or wailing!
  He died in that glorious hour
When his kindly stars had triumphed high
  And the evil lost their power;
The best of his work accomplished,
  The future easy and plain,
And forgiveness winning the wide world's heart
  As vigor had won its brain.

No—for him no tear-drop or murmur;
  For, spite of the murderer's crime,
He died as the best might pray to die,
  In the height of God's good time.
And when the dark deed we punish,
  As punish we can and will,
'Twill be nothing of his that we revenge—
  He is *more* than living still!

God shelter and keep the nation!
  God give it enduring peace!
And soon may the happy moment come
  When its long dark day shall cease!
But after the words that the Father
  Spoke from Vernon's sacred sod,
We shall hold no richer legacy
  Than the path the President trod.
—*N. Y. Atlas.*

MY WIFE'S SECRET.

If I pride myself upon any mental endowment whatever, it is upon that humble one of Common Sense. I live what is called by the intellectual people a conventional life. I have my pew in the neighboring church, and sit in it twice every Sunday. I know one captain in the army—just such a person as he should be—polished, and yet ferocious, gentle to ladies, but rather insolent to civilian males, boastful of his clubs, and giving all his leisure time, which is considerable, to the cultivation of his moustaches; but otherwise I am ignorant of the fashionable world and all its gay doings. I have made no endeavor to break through the gilded pale that separates it from the steady-going middle class to which I belong. I do not understand the feeling which prompts my superiors to be ashamed of being seen in an omnibus. Once every day I return from the city in a yellow one; and if it is wet, I use the same conveyance in the morning to reach my office. I pay my tradesmen weekly. My best sherry is 48*s.* a dozen; and when the captain talks of vintage wines (as he will do by the hour at my table), I often wonder what he thinks he is drinking. However, with true good-breeding, he imbibes it in great quantities, as though it were the best. I do not keep a man-servant. Our cook cannot compass an *omelette soufflée*. My wife trims her own bonnets. We have eight children, who all know the Church Catechism by heart, except the baby and the last but one. In short, a more respectable and unfashionable family than our own does not exist in all Bayswater.

Under these circumstances, it may be easily imagined that we are as free from the vices of the Great as we are without their Privileges; and this was, I honestly believe, the case until within a very recent period. When I used to read in the papers that the Lady Lutetia Day Coltsy (of Norman ancestry and bluest blood) had left her husband's roof, and fled with Major Flutterby of the Life Guards; or that it was rumored among well-informed circles that the gentlemen of the long robe would soon find employment in the domestic affairs of his Grace the Duke of Belgravia, I used to give a prolonged whistle, and remark, "Here they are again," in general reference to the habits of the *haut ton*. I knew that our hereditary aristocracy were given to these escapades, which in my own rank of life would certainly be crimes, and I perused such details as the press could furnish with an avidity unalloyed, I am afraid, with much reprobation. I seemed to be reading of a class of persons whose way of life was too far removed from my own to affect me, except as a spectator; just as when I went to play I found myself in an atmosphere of intrigue, and misunderstanding, and jealousy, altogether unreal, and with which I had not the ghost of an experience in common.

Jealousy! Why, I had been married sixteen years without entertaining that passion, so that it was not very likely, however well acted, that that passion should entertain me. Misunderstanding! The thing was impossible, for whenever there promised to be "a row in the pantry"—and every married man will understand me when I make use of that metaphorical expression—I brought it to a head, and had it out, and off we started again (speaking for self and Mrs. R.) on the smooth current of our lives, with the little fracas buried for ever in its depths. As for the mother of eight falling in love with another man—it is all very well in a stage play, and, as I have said, befitting enough among persons of quality; but upon the Notting Hill side of Bayswater any such mischance would, I felt, be out of place, and ridiculous—a social presumption, as well as a grave domestic crime. Imagine, therefore, my astonishment when my opposite neighbor, Peabody, who also calls himself my friend, did the honor to call upon me a few weeks ago, to speak, in confidence, of the alarming conduct of my wife. Having demanded and obtained a private interview, this scandalous old person, who was once an indigo-merchant, and yet retains the trace of his calling upon his nose, set before me in detail a number of curious circumstances connected with the "goings on," as he was pleased to call them, of my wife, which he was not, indeed, prepared to say "might not possibly be only coincidences, after all," but which he felt it his duty as a fellow-creature, and one who had been a husband in his time—here his lips made a dumb motion of gratitude—to let me know. Even as a neighbor, and an inhabitant of a common Crescent, hitherto remarkable for its respectability, and which, as I doubtless remembered, had declined to permit Mrs. Jones to put up *Apartments* in her window, lest we should be confounded with the lodging-house localities; nay, which, by the mere force of its public opinion, had prevented No. 484 from being let to a playactor—even in this character, said Peabody, he would have felt it his duty to make me aware of what was being said, though doubtless falsely, respecting the behavior of Mrs. R. Here I should have locked the door, and informed Peabody that his last hour was certainly arrived, and that he had better make his peace with Providence before I cut his throat; but from ignorance of the proper conduct to be adopted in such exceptional circumstances, and perhaps from the knowledge that there was nothing but a paper-knife in the room with which to effect this righteous punishment, I only burst out laughing, and called him a meddling and impertinent old fool.

"Very true," returned he, for he always makes use of that form of words—"very true; but still the facts are worth investigating, even from their singularity. Do you know, for instance, that at eleven o'clock, three days a week, your wife goes out in a cab by herself?"

"No," said I, "I do not; though, if she does, it is surely better than if she had any ineligible companion. As a matter of fact, however, she does not do so, for I have offered to go shopping with her twice this week, and she has declined to accompany me upon the ground of having a sore throat."

"Upon what days did she give this excuse?" inquired Peabody, taking out his pocket-book.

"Last Monday and last Thursday," returned I.

"Well, here's a memorandum:—*Monday, 4th, Saw Mrs. R. start, as usual, at* 11; *Thursday, 7th, ditto, ditto.* She could not be going to a morning concert, because she had no white gloves on."

"I will grant that much," quoth I sardonically, and yet not by any means unmoved by this unexpected unintelligence. "My wife does not go to morning concerts."

"Very true," observed Peabody. "Then the question arises, where *does* she go to? Now, as an inhabitant of the crescent"——

"Peabody," interrupted I severely, "I acknowledge the right of no man—no, not of the man in the moon himself—to meddle in my affairs upon that ground. I am obliged to you for the interest you have taken in this matter, but the simple fact is, that it has been entirely misplaced. I have been perfectly well aware of my wife's movements, and they have had my fullest permission and approbation. I only wanted to see to what lengths your impertinence and love of interference would carry you. That is your hat, I believe; your umbrella is the alpaca one; I wish you a very good-morning."

I ushered my visitor out, and then sat down in my private parlor with my elbows upon the table, and both my hands thrust into my hair. I had temporarily extinguished Peabody, but I was on fire with jealous apprehensions myself. What *could* it all mean? For sixteen years my wife had never taken any excursion unless in my company, upon which, she had always given me to understand, she doted; and yet, after refusing to go out with me upon Monday and Thursday last, on the plea of sore throat, she had started, the instant that my back was turned, in a Hansom—or even supposing it was a four-wheeler—in a cab, without white gloves on, and—— Confound it, here *was* a row in the pantry, and one which my peace of mind demanded to have cleared up at once.

"Anna Maria," cried I huskily, from the bottom of the stairs—"Anna Maria, I wish to speak with you immediately."

"Lor' bless me," answered my wife from the top story, "it isn't one of the children, is it, John? Pray tell me the worst at once."

"No, madam, it is I," replied I stiffly.

"Then it's the kitchen chimney," exclaimed she in a dogmatic tone. "And didn't I tell Mary to have it swept a week ago; and now the fire-engines will spoil everything, even if we are not burnt out of house and home."

Was it possible that this woman could have deceived me, as Peabody had said, and yet talk so simply of her children, and of house and home? By the time Anna Maria had got down to the drawing-room flight, I began to be rather ashamed of myself. When the mother of eight reached my sitting-room door, with her honest face aglow with animation, and her voice so earnest about the soot, I did not dare to mention what I had in my mind.

"I called you down, dear, to say that I was going to give myself a holiday to-day, and to ask you to come with me to Hamstead Heath, and dine at Jack Straw's Castle this afternoon, it being such a beautiful day."

A ray of joy passed for an instant over her features, and then, as if recollecting herself, she began to stammer that she was very, very sorry, but really she had so much to do about the house just then; if I would only wait till Friday week, which was my birthday, then we would go somewhere, and she should enjoy it above all measure. This afternoon, however, the thing was impossible.

"Well," said I gravely, "we have not many holidays together, and I am sorry. You had a sore throat on Monday and on Thursday, when I offered you a similar opportunity."

"O, yes," answered she, shaking her little head, which is very prettily—could it be *too* prettily?—set upon her shoulders; "it is quite impossible that I could go out with that throat."

"Here," thought I, for she could not have gone out *without* her throat, "is some dreadful falsehood; but Peabody may have told it, and not she. Perhaps she never went out at all. Should I not rather believe the wife of my bosom than that scandalous old retired indigo-merchant? Was it not base even to suspect Anna Maria of deception? Doubtless it was; but yet I thought I would just satisfy myself with my own eyes.

"Very well," observed I quietly, "since you cannot come with me to-day, I shall go to the city as usual. I don't care for a holiday by myself."

"Poor, dear fellow," said Anna Maria coaxingly, as she helped me on with my greatcoat, "I am quite grieved to disappoint you. Good-by, John. Mind you have a good luncheon; it's very bad for you eating those buns and rubbish."

"Ah, what a tangled web we weave," says somebody, "when first we practise to deceive," though after but a little trying, there's nothing easier than lying. I protest I felt like a pickpocket, as I dodged and lurked about our crescent, watching in the distance my own door, to see whether Mrs. R. would cross the threshold. I suppose I have none of the attributes necessary to the profession of a Detective, for whenever a passer-by cast his eyes on me, I felt myself blushing all over, and hanging my head on one side, as a dog hangs his tail. I dared not, of course, stop in the crescent, but loitered at the corner of a street which commanded it, now trying to dig up the tops of the coal-cellars by inserting the nozzle of my umbrella in their circular holes, and now eliciting mournful music by dragging it against the area railings. Exhausted with these exercises, I had been leaning against a lamp-post for about ten minutes, when the door of a house opposite opened suddenly, and a widow lady of vast proportions came swiftly out upon me with her cap-strings streaming in the wind.

"Now just you go away, my gentleman," said she in a menacing voice, "before the police makes you. *I* know who you're a-looking for, and I can tell you she ain't a-coming, for I've got her locked up in the coal-cellar. *I* know you, although you have not got your red coat on to-day; and mind—if you get another slice of meat in my house, I'll prosecute you as sure as my name's Mivins."

"Gracious heavens, madam!" cried I, "do you take me for a common soldier?"

"No, sir," answered she maliciously; "but for a tuppenny-ha'penny Life Guardsman, who never saw a shot fired in his life; and if ever you come after my Jemima again—"

I turned, and fled—into the very arms of the abominable Peabody. "Make haste!" exclaimed he; "there is not a moment to be lost. No; the cab is coming this way; you may see for yourself whether I am not right this time."

And sure enough, who should drive by, at a rapid rate, but Anna Maria, in a four-wheeled cab, and without her bonnet, and *with a flower in her hair!* This blow, coming so closely upon the attack of the widow lady, was almost more than I could bear.

"Where *can* she be going to?" gasped I half unconsciously. "It's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of."

"I have *heard* of similar things," returned Peabody quietly, "although I never experienced anything of the sort myself. Of course, I don't know where she is going to; but the direction she has taken is towards St. John's Wood."

I hastened back to my own house, and with the air of a man who has forgotten something, began to search in the pockets of a greatcoat hanging up in the hall.

"By-the-by," said I, as the servant who had let me in was disappearing, "I think your mistress must have got it after all. Just run up, and tell her I want to see her for a minute."

Emily Jane, who had been in our service ever since we were married, turned as scarlet as her cap-ribbons.

"Sir," said she, bolder than brass, "missis has just stepped out; she has taken two of the little girls for a morning walk."

"Which two?" inquired I, looking this abandoned young person full in the face. Her subtle spirit was cowed by this course of procedure; she replied that she did not know—she didn't recollect—she hadn't paid particular attention, but she rather thought that it was the two youngest—all in a breath.

"In that case," rejoined I, pointing with withering scorn to the perambulator, "how comes *this* here? No, Emily Jane; your mistress must have taken out with her to-day the same two children that she took on Monday and on Thursday, when her sore throat was so bad that she could not go out with me."

"Yes, sir," replied she; "it was the same two."

"Emily Jane," said I, solemnly, "always tell the truth. *I know all.* Where is your mistress gone to all by herself to-day, with her hair so neatly arranged, and a flower stuck in the left-hand side of her head? and that after telling me she was too busy to move out. Concealment is worse than useless. Where is she?"

"Wild horses shouldn't do it," returned the domestic, resolutely. "I told her I would keep it dark, and I won't betray no confidence as has been reposed in me. You must find it out all of your own head, sir; oh, dear! oh, dear!"

Here, to my confusion, Emily Jane cast her apron, by a sudden and dexterous movement, over her features, and in that blinded condition rushed down the kitchen-stairs like a bull stung by bees.

At that moment, the front-door bell rang with a violence such as none of our visitors, except the captain, ever dare to use. My wretched heart seemed to experience a little throb of joy. He at least then—and I confess my suspicions had been turned in his direction, for was it not his profession to guard us from foreign foes, and to destroy our domestic peace—he at least, I say, *unless there was more than one*— I dared not trust myself to finish the reflection, but opened the front-door with my own hands.

It was somebody in uniform, but not the captain.

"Tel*egraph* for Mrs. R.," squeaked the boy in his shrill, thin voice; "please to sign on the right-'and side." Then dancing a double shuffle upon the door-step, in order to keep himself warm, he broke forth into the ballad, "There's somebody in the house with Dinah, there's somebody in the house I *know*; there's somebody in the house with Dinah—"

I didn't like his impudence, and I didn't like his song, but there was nothing for it but to submit. What could Anna Maria be doing with telegraphs? *From Rupert Merrington, 6 Cupidon Villas, St. John's Wood. Pray be punctual this time. I am engaged after twelve. I trust you will be looking your best, not pale, as on Monday and Thursday.*"

"There's somebody in the house with Dinah, there's somebody in the house I *know*—" I rushed out with the receipt in my hand, and the boy snatched it, and took to flight, for he saw that I was dangerous. What *could* this dreadful message mean? or rather what meaning could it have but one? Rupert Merrington! not at all a steady-sounding name, to begin with: the sender, too, was evidently no business-man, or he would not have exceeded his twenty words so foolishly. It had a military smack all over (and I didn't like *that* notion—a military smack!) Merrington was of course an assumed name. The handwriting was good, and so far unlike the captain's; but then people don't write their own telegraph messages. I felt that some immediate action was necessary, or that I should be suffocated. In a couple of minutes I was in a hansom bound for Cupidon Villas, in a state of mind easier imagined than described; and yet I had often read descriptions of it in novels which professed to describe aristocratic life, and often had seen upon the stage (although principally in farces) the husband racked by jealous pangs.

What had there been to laugh at in that, I wondered now! Why should the tenderest emotions of the human heart be made the subject of buffoon— But what a wicked-looking set of houses were these which I was now passing! If bricks and mortar—and especially stucco—*can* look vicious, certainly St. John's Wood possesses a patent for—

"What number, sir?" shouted my driver, through the little hold in the roof. "*This* is Cupidon Villas."

"I am sorry to hear," groaned I, passing my pocket-handkerchief over my brow. "Don't mind me, my good man (for his countenance evinced much dismay at my voice and manner;) I know it is not your fault that I am miserable. Please to pull up at No. 6."

Of all the wicked-looking houses in Cupidon Terrace, No. 6 was, it seemed to me, the wickedest. The round eye which formed its staircase window, winked viciously in the sunlight, and in the garden was a little grating, as though for the purpose of reconnoissance before admittance, which was not a little grating to me. The drawing-room shutters were closed. This latter circumstance gave me some satisfaction, since it might signify that Mr. Merrington was dead, but a glance at the gay attire of the servant-girl who answered my summons cut away this ground of consolation.

"Is Mrs. R. within?" inquired I, with a tone of assumed indifference.

"Well—yes, sir—but you can't see her just at present. Mr. Merrington has a great objection to—"

"Confound Mr. Merrington!" cried I, pushing my way in. "I want to see my wife."

"Oh, your wife is it, sir?" replied the maid with a giggle. "Then of course you can go up, if you please, although it's as much as my place is worth. You will find them in the drawing-room."

"What! *there?*" exclaimed I passionately, pointing to the closed windows.

"Yes, of course, sir! That's the room they always sit in."

They *always* sit in? Then this sort of thing must have been going on for years!

I cleared the two little flights of stairs in a couple of bounds, and hurled open the drawing-room door like a catapult.

I found myself in a large apartment, darkened, indeed, upon one side, but well lit by a huge window (invisible from the front of the house) at its northern end. In the centre of the room was a raised structure, hung with purple, and rather resembling a scaffold decorated for the execution of royalty, and upon the scaffold sat my wife in an uncomfortable attitude, and with an expression of countenance that she only wears upon those ceremonious occasions which demand what are called "company manners." Between her and the window stood a gentleman with moustaches, and in a velvet coat—at an easel, and evidently painting her portrait. He elevated his eyebrows at my peculiar mode of entering the room, and looked towards my wife, as if for an explanation of the phenomenon.

"It is only my husband, Mr. Merrington," returned she. "O, John, I am so sorry that you found me out, for I had meant my picture to be a pleasant surprise to you upon your birthday next week. This was to be my last sitting but one; and nobody knows the trouble I have taken to keep you ignorant of my coming here. That stupid Emily Jane must have let it out."

"No, my dear," said I; "I discovered the fact for myself, through the telegraph; and really I—I couldn't help coming down to see how the picture was getting on. It was so very kind of you. And, dear me, Mr. Merrington, what a charming likeness!"

"Well, it's not in a very good light, you see," rejoined he deprecatingly. "Not having a room with a sky-light, I'm obliged to block up those windows, and manage how I can. It makes the house dark, and, I am afraid, caused you to stumble at the drawing-room door."

"Yes," said I, "that was just it; I very nearly came in head first. I—I only thought I'd look in on my way to the city. I won't interrupt you another moment; and, indeed, I have myself no time to lose."

I gave the maid five shillings, and—thinking it would be more likely to insure her silence—a chuck under the chin. Then I wrote to Peabody from Bunhill Row (where my place of business is situated), to tell him that I would not make a fool of him any longer; but the fact was, that, during the last few weeks, I had been making my wife sit for her picture, which he was to come and pass his judgment on as soon as it was finished; there was a question as to whether the flower in her hair was an improvement or not.

But I knew that Emily Jane would tell Anna Maria all about it. However, nothing was said until my birthday arrived, and with it the portrait, for which the dear creature had saved up her pin-money, and put herself to the greatest inconvenience. I declare my heart smote me for my base suspicions when I looked upon that honest face, which had never worn paint before. Upon that day, she said: "By-the-by, John, when that telegraph arrived for me from Mr. Merrington, it didn't make you *jealous* at all, did it?"

"Oh, dear no, my darling! Jealous of you? Impossible! Not, of course, that you are not beautiful enough to make all the world fall in love with you; but I never dreamed of such a thing."

"That's all right, John," said she, kissing me; but there was a wicked twinkle in her kind eyes as she added dryly: "I am glad to hear you say that, for, do you know, my dear, I almost thought you were just a little jealous."

WAKING GRANDMA WITH A KISS.—A sweet little incident is related by a writer. She says:—I asked a little boy last evening—

"Have you called your grandma to tea?"

"Yes. When I went in to call her she was asleep, and I didn't know how to waken her. I didn't wish to *holler* at grandma, nor to *shake* her; so I kissed her cheek, and *that* woke her very softly. Then I ran into the hall, and said, pretty loud, 'Grandma, tea is ready.' And she never knew what woke her."

Do we find anything more sweet, delicate and lovely than this in the annals of poetry? Can conventionality improve upon such politeness, spontaneous in the heart of a six-years' boy?

☞ New faiths easily take root among the ignorant, and the latter are by no means unwilling to become either the apostles or the prophets of doctrines which they cannot possibly understand.

How we Trapped the Burglars.

We lived in a Terrace at the time in which my tale is laid, in what we may term a sub-district of the city, for we were within five miles of Charing Cross, and the dark month of December was upon us. Robberies had been frequent in our neighborhood, and no less than three houses out of the ten in the Terrace had been entered by burglars and robbed, and yet no discovery of the thieves had taken place. So ably, also, had the work of entry been accomplished, that in no case had the inmates been alarmed; and it was not until the servants descended in the morning that the discovery of a robbery was made.

In two out of the three cases, an entrance had been effected through a pantry-window, by removing a pane of glass, and cutting a small hole in the shutter. This window was on the ground-floor, and could easily be reached, therefore, from outside. In the third robbery, an upper window was entered by means of a knife which forced back the fastening, and of course allowed the sash to be raised.

So rapidly had these robberies occurred, that the whole neighborhood was alarmed. The police shook their heads, and looked knowing, but did nothing; and what was much to be lamented, failed to find any clue to the robbers, who, they at the same time asserted, were evidently not regular cracksmen.

Affairs had reached such a stage, that we used to sleep with a revolver close to our bedside, when we happened to have a friend who came to stay with us a few days. This friend was an old jungle-hunter, and was *au fait* at every artifice by which the animal creation might be captured. He was delighted at the idea of having an adventure with burglars, and scorned the belief that they were more than a match in cunning for even the average bush-hunter. It was in vain that we assured him it was an axiom that an accomplished robber could effect an entrance into any house; and that instruments were used of such a nature as to cut holes in doors without noise, and, in fact, that through roofs and sky-lights, down chimneys, and up water-spouts, an accomplished burglar could easily enter the best defended house in the kingdom.

Our friend's argument was, that a burglar was a man on watch, who took advantage of the residents being asleep and unsuspecting; "but," said he, "let my suspicions be raised, and I will defy any burglar to enter my house without my having due warning; because, although I may be asleep, still, I shall hear his approach, and can then make my arrangements to welcome him."

Although we were not desirous of having our house robbed, yet we wished much that our friend's confidence should be taken out of him.

A few days after this conversation, the police informed us that several suspicious characters had been seen about, and recommended us to be on the alert. Here, then, was a good opportunity to test my friend's skill and wakefulness; so, having informed him of the policeman's warning, I asked him if he felt confident to undertake the defence of the house.

"Certainly," he replied; "I only demand a dark lantern, and stipulate that you have a pair of goloshes beside your bed. I also must go to bed last, and no servant is to go down stairs before me in the morning; nor is any one to walk about during the night—then I will defy the burglars."

Thus it was agreed that my friend was to act the part of guardian, and was to commence his charge on the ensuing night.

Three nights had passed, and no alarms had occurred, and no robberies taken place; we began to think our alarms had been groundless; but our friend said that now was the very time to be most guarded, for that no wise burglar would rob when he was expected; besides, he said, we have not had a windy night yet; it is when doors and windows rattle, and the chimney rumbles, that robberies are best effected, not when every strange noise is audible—thus, he said, he did not give up hopes of yet having something to say to the robbers before his visit terminated.

I usually sleep very lightly, and therefore awoke readily upon hearing a tap at my bedroom door during the fourth night of our watch. It was my friend's voice that answered me, and we were requested to come out at once.

"As soon as I strike a lucifer-match," I replied.

"Nonsense, man; a light will spoil the whole thing. Come in the dark; slip on a dressing-gown and your goloshes, and come at once."

I was soon provided as he wished, and ready to descend the stairs in the dark.

"Now, remember," said my friend, "there are seven steps to the first landing, twelve others afterwards, and the fourth step creaks abominably, so be careful to descend without noise."

The night was boisterous, and many a window and door shook and rattled, so that the slight noise we made in descending the stairs was not sufficient to have alarmed even the most keen-eared listener. We descended to the ground-floor, entered the pantry, and then standing perfectly still, devoted ourselves to listening.

In a very few seconds we heard a grating noise on the shutter, then an interval of quiet, and again a noise; presently the window was gently raised, and again all was quiet. The noise of a heavy vehicle passing the house seemed to afford an opportunity for a more decided effort, for while the rattle of the wheels was loudest, a crack sounded from the shutter, and we could hear that the bolt was forced, for the shutter was gently moved.

"Don't stir till I do, and hold your breath if possible," whispered my friend in my ear.

I found the latter a difficult request to comply with, for my heart was beating with rapidity, and thumping against my ribs in the most excited way; still I stood quiet, and trusted to my friend.

Nothing could be more cautious than the proceedings of the robbers; the shutter was pushed back in the most slow and steady manner; had there been even a bell fastened to it, I doubt whether it would have been made to ring. At intervals, there was a rest from work, evidently for the purpose of listening, and then one of the robbers placed his leg across the window-sill, and lightly descended into the pantry.

The night, even out of doors, was very dark, and in the corner where we stood it was black as Erebus, our forms, therefore, were quite undistinguishable, and the only chance of discovering us was by touching or hearing us.

The first burglar was soon followed by a second, whilst we could hear that a third, who was outside, was to remain there on watch.

"Now let's light up," said number two.

"Not yet, till you push the shutter to," re-

plied the other, "or the glim 'll be seen; then you come and hold the box."

The shutter was quietly pushed to, and both robbers moved away a few paces from the window by which they had entered. By the quiet way in which they walked, it was evident that they were either without shoes or had on India-rubber coverings. Of their size or weapons, we could see nothing, and I began to doubt whether our position was an agreeable one, as I was armed only with a sword, a weapon, however, I knew how to use; whilst of my friend's means of offence or defence I knew nothing.

I had not long to wait, for a lucifer was struck by one of the men immediately, and the room consequently lighted up; at the same instant my friend drew up the slide of the dark lantern, and flashed the light on the faces of the two men, at the same time showing the muzzle of a revolver pointing towards them.

"If either of you move, I'll put a couple of bullets in him," said my friend, as he placed his back against the window by which the men had entered. "Now drop that crow-bar," he continued, in a voice of authority; "down with it; and you," he said to me, "pull open the shutter, and shout for the police."

The idea that is usually entertained of a burglar is, that he is a man of great size, strength, and daring, and that he would in an encounter annihilate any moderate man. When, then, the light revealed the faces and forms of the men we had captured, our humble self, although no great pugilist, yet felt able to defeat either of them if it came to a matter of fists; and I must own that the pale and astonished faces of the men were not indicative of any very great courage.

Our shout for police was shortly answered; and the burglars having been subdued by the sight of the revolver, the muzzle of which pointed first at one, then at the other, were captured by the police, three of whom were speedily on the spot, and conveyed to the lock-up; whilst we and a detective who had been brought down from London some days previously, examined the details by which the men had effected an entrance.

"You were very lucky to hear them, especially on such a night," said the detective; "when once they're in they move like mice. We know them; and I expect they'll get seven years."

The man was about correct, for one, the older offender, was sentenced to six, the other to five years' penal servitude.

"It will, I suppose, be of no use trying to sleep again to-night, for it is three o'clock," said the friend.

"I cannot sleep," was my reply; "and I am dying to hear how you found out that these men were approaching the house."

Being, then, of one mind, we partly robed ourselves, lighted a fire in the kitchen, and soon being provided with cigars, got very comfortable, and satisfied with our work. My friend then began his account, which he gave much in the following words:

"The burglar, as I told you, has usually the advantage of surprise; he can select the time at which he makes his attack, and if his proceedings are carried on cautiously, he enters a house before he is heard. Few men would, however, venture to do so, unless they previously had good information as to the interior arrangements of the house; this they obtain either from servants, tradesmen, or some one who visits the locality, or they come themselves as tramps, or with some trifle to sell. Thus, if there are bells attached to doors or windows, they find it out; and they know tolerably well the domestic arrangements of the locality they purpose trying their skill upon. There are, too, conventional methods of protecting a house, such as bolts, bars, chains, locks, &c., all of which require merely time and proper instruments to overcome. It therefore occurred to me that novelty and simplicity combined would be more than a match for the coarse intellect of a burglar, and thus I made my plans, which, you see, answered very well."

"No doubt about that," we replied.

"Well now, come up to my room," he continued, "and see the apparatus."

We entered his room, and there, close beside his pillow, was a tin box, in the bottom of which was a key.

"This is nearly all the apparatus," he said; "but you notice some thread fastened to the key; trace that thread, and you will find it passes through that small hole in the sash; from there it goes down to the back-yard; and now you will comprehend my plan. I knew that no man could approach the back-part of the house without walking up the back-yard, which is only four yards wide. I therefore tied across the back-yard, and about two feet from the ground, some fine black thread; this was made fast on one side, but slipped through a loop, and led up to my window on the other. The thread then passed through the hole I had bored in the window-sash, and was then made fast to this key. Under the key I placed the tin box, you see; and over the key was a bar, to prevent its being dragged up more than six inches. Each night, before I went to bed, I just drew the string tight, and fastened it in the yard, taking care to free it before morning, so as to keep the plan a secret. If, then, a man, or anything above two feet high, walked up the yard, the thing was pressed against, the key was drawn up sharply against the bar, and the string broken, when the key, of course, fell into the tin box, making quite noise enough to wake me. Immediately the string or thread broke, it would fall to the ground; and the person who had done all this would not have felt anything, the resistance being so slight. I must own I should have preferred horse-hair to thread, but as it was, the latter answered very well. I was fast asleep when the key fell, but immediately awoke, and taking my lantern outside my door, lighted it, and came to you, for I knew that a man only in the back-yard could have dropped my key. So now you see how the burglars were trapped, for you know all the rest."

"Certainly, you succeeded, and so we ought not to be critical," we replied. "But suppose they had entered by the front-window, instead of by the back, how then?"

"You see this thread," he said, grasping one that was near the door; "pull it."

I did so, and immediately a tin cup dropped into the hand-basin.

"That thread goes down stairs, and is fastened across the front-window; but I broke that off as I went out of my room, so that it should not impede my journey down stairs. Thus I could at once know whether a man was approaching the back-door or had entered by the front-window, and in either case, I think I could have captured him."

Simplicity had certainly been adopted in the present case, but the means had shown themselves to be efficient.

"People are usually very silly," continued our friend, "when they hear, or think they hear, suspicious noises of a night. The first thing they usually do is to light a candle, which proclaims to the robber that he has been heard, and must escape; then they go about the house with this candle, and make a great noise, so that a man may have plenty of time to get away, or to hide himself. Instead of this, if a person were to listen intently, he would be able to hear any suspicious noises distinctly, and decide upon their cause; then, as he must know his own house better than a robber, he is best off of the two in the dark; and when, having armed himself, he has quietly opened his door, he may wait and listen until the robbers are heard moving about, when he may take such steps as may seem necessary. If every person were merely to plan what was to be done in case of robbers entering his house, and then were to carry out this if the occasion required it, burglary would be too dangerous and unsuccessful a proceeding to be popular or profitable, and thus might be given up for a more honest means of obtaining a livelihood; so that really we may consider ourselves to have done the community at large a benefit, when we capture one of these gentry; whilst those who allow their houses to be robbed with impunity, jeopardise their neighbor's property."

OUR REST.

"The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us."

My feet are worn and weary with the march
Over rough roads, and up the steep hillside;
O city of our God, I fain would see
Thy pastures green, where peaceful waters glide.

My hands are weary, laboring, toiling on
Day after day, for perishable meat;
O city of our God, I fain would rest;
I sigh to gain thy glorious mercy-seat.

My garment, travel-worn and stained with dust,
Oft rent by briars and thorns that crowd my way,
Would fain be made, O Lord, my righteousness,
Spotless and white in heaven's unclouded ray.

My eyes are weary looking at the sin,
Impiety and scorn upon the earth;
O city of our God, within thy walls,
All, all are clothed upon with the new birth.

My heart is weary of its own deep sin—
Sinning, repenting, wandering still astray;
When shall my soul Thy glorious presence feel,
And find its guilt, dear Saviour, washed away?

Patience, poor soul, the Saviour's feet were worn;
The Saviour's heart and hands were weary too;
His garments stained, and travel worn and old,
His sacred eyes blinded with tears for you.

Love thou the path of sorrow that He trod;
Toil on, and wait in patience for thy rest;
O city of our God, we soon shall see
Thy glorious walls, home of the loved and blest.

The Profession of Women.

Harper's Magazine has a paper on the profession of women, which is said to be housekeeping, and which it is declared is thoroughly dishonored. We quote the proofs of this statement:

The delicate constitution and failing health of young girls, the sickness and sufferings of mothers and housekeepers, the miserable quality of domestic service, the stinted wages of seamstresses, the despair of thousands who vainly strive for an honest living, and the awful increase of those who live by vice, are more and more pressed on public attention.

What is the cause of all this? The chief cause is, that *woman is not trained for her profession, while that profession is socially disgraced.*

Women are not trained to be housekeepers, nor to be wives, nor to be mothers, nor to be nurses of young children, nor to be nurses of the sick, nor to be seamstresses, nor to be domestics.

And yet what trade or profession of men involves more difficult and complicated duties than that of a housekeeper.

When parents are poor, the daughters are forced into considerable practical training for future duties, though many a mother toils to the loss of health that her daughters may have all their time for study and school.

In the more wealthy classes, the young girl is subjected to a constant stimulus of the brain, involving certain debility of nerves and muscles. While woman's proper business is thus disgraced and avoided, all the excitements of praise, honor, competition, and emolument, are given to book-learning and accomplishments. The little girl who used to be rewarded at school for sewing neatly, and praised when she had made a whole shirt for her father, now is rewarded and praised only for geography, grammar, and arithmetic. The young woman in the next higher school goes on to geometry, algebra, and Latin, and winds up, if able to afford it, with French, music, and drawing. Twenty other branches are added to these, not one of them including any practical training for any one of woman's distinctive duties.

The result is, that in the wealthy classes a woman no more thinks of earning her living in her true and proper profession, than her brothers do of securing theirs by burglary or piracy.

This feeling in the more wealthy classes descends to those less favored by fortune."

General Jackson's Motto.

"Think before you act, but when the time for action comes, stop thinking." This is the true doctrine. Many men fail in life, and go down to the grave with hopes blasted and prospects of happiness unrealized, because they did not adopt and act upon this motto. Nothing so prepares a man for action as thought; but nothing so unfits a man for action in the course of action. Better by far adopt some course and pursue it energetically, even though it may not be the best, than to keep continually thinking without action. "Go ahead" ought to be printed in every young man's hat, and read until it becomes a part of his nature, until he can act upon his own judgment, and not be turned from his course by every wind of interested advice. In conclusion, we would say, "Think before you act; but when the time for action comes, stop thinking."

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CONGRATULATORY.

The engagement and the agreeable assent to it from Maddington was not allowed to interfere with the original arrangement. Theo and Sydney Scott were to return to Bretford with Mr. Leigh, and Hensley was to be left to its normal quiet.

Lowndes was to be left to itself too. The Galtons were going almost immediately, and David Linley declared he would not remain there in solitude. Lowndes had answered his purpose entirely, he had no reluctance to quit it now. It had been the centre of that sociality which had resulted in Harold Ffrench's stumble on the very threshold of happiness.

Mr. Linley heard of Harold French's brief visit and its pleasing results from Ethel; Mr. Linley was "intensely interested in the young people," he said. He also averred that he had quite a fellow-feeling with Ffrench in the matter; and on the strength of this fellow-feeling took occasion to expatiate largely on Harold's good-natured share in the affair to Theo.

At first Theo listened in silence to his speeches on the subject, but at last she told him that he need not say any more about it.

"I quite appreciate the kindness, and good-nature, and 'right-feeling' as you call it, Mr. Linley, that Mr. Ffrench has displayed; you needn't din it into my ears constantly. I don't see that he could have done anything else, for my own part."

"I won't; but I must say Ffrench has acted unselfishly at least," he replied; "generally he lets other people manage their own affairs without let or hindrance from him; but he really took the trouble to put the thing properly before that old dunderhead Lesborough."

"Do you call Lord Lesborough a 'dunderhead' to Frank?"

"Possibly I do; why do you ask?"

"He oughtn't to let you then; at any rate, *I* won't let you speak of Lord Lesborough in that way to me."

"You're mounting guard over the family dignity rather early; have you anything else to say?" Mr. Linley asked suavely.

"Yes, that I don't need to be told now that Mr. Ffrench is unselfish; I know it, I've known it all along."

"I don't think you're aware of the full extent of his unselfishness in this instance though," he said impressively, "and you ought to know it; really such an act of self-abnegation as his ought to be made known to the one for whom he has made it."

"What do you mean?" she asked quickly; "why do you—how dare you talk to me in that way about Mr. Ffrench? He has been kind, but he would be the last to desire what he has done to be looked upon in the light of a sacrifice; the last to desire it," she repeated, scornfully; "he would think such a supposition an insult to *me*."

"Then you are—what I half fancied you might be—ignorant of the death of his wife. He was free to renew his vows, you see, but he has ceded you to the better man and the brighter fate," Linley said, quietly, watching her sharply the while.

He had had no wish to pain her in the matter. That is to say, he had had no desire from the beginning to pain her *much*. He only wanted to wound her in such ways through Harold and about Harold as should prevent her ever being able to give Harold a taste of that joy in the autumn of his life of which Linley had defrauded him in the spring.

David Linley had no wish to pain Theo in the matter, but he was watching her keenly to see "how she would take" the intelligence; and she, marking the keenness of that glance, answered with the most unaffected coolness.

"His wife dead? poor thing?"

"Poor thing, truly," he said, with something like emotion, as old recollections crowded upon him.

"I know nothing of their story, but whatever it is, hers must have been a very hard life. Did she love him much?"

"I believe she did at first; hardly in a way you would understand, though. Poor Zoe! he represented liberty to her when she played off her little ruse; when she got the actual thing she ceased to care much for its representative."

"I know nothing of their story, and I don't want to know anything of it," Theo said quietly; "but I should like to hear that all the fault was not on his side."

"All what fault?"

"The fault that caused those long, long dreary desperate years of separation, and all the harm that came from it. I can't think that it was all his fault; but I should like to hear."

"Oh, she was harmless enough, poor little soul, when I knew her," Linley replied, with some embarrassment; "you see that habit of amusing himself with every girl he comes across is never a pleasant sight for a man's wife to witness."

To which Theo replied,

"No, it couldn't be," very decidedly, and then paused for a few seconds, and then shook her head, and said, "no, it wasn't," more decidedly still.

This conversation took place on the evening of the day before their return to Bretford. The Lowndes's party and Frank Burgoyne were at the vicarage, and they were all as restless and ill at ease as people who are assembled to be happy together on a last evening almost invariably are. Mrs. Vaughan had invited them in a burst of enthusiasm, which faded out the moment she discovered that their acceptance of her invitation would cause a great disturbance in her household. Not only had the enthusiasm faded, but truth to tell, a certain something that strongly resembled ill-humor reigned in its stead.

"I *suppose* I needn't give those people supper, Theo," she said to her niece the day before, in a tone that made Theo feel herself to be a miserable sinner on the spot, and the cause of all things unpleasant. "I *suppose* I need not give those people supper, Theo."

"Don't give it to them on my account, Aunt Libby," Theo replied, indifferently. Truth to tell, she was very indifferent as to whether her friends fed heartily in her presence or not. It never occurred to her to think her friends hungry when they came to see her.

"Instead of scoffing at my well-meant endeavors to make things pleasant under existing circumstances, I *wish* you would give me the benefit of your advice," Mrs. Vaughan exclaimed, tearfully.

"My dear aunt! Well—let me think. No; give them tea and coffee when they come: they all dine late, and don't want anything more."

"Don't want anything more, Mrs. Vaughan repeated, sarcastically. "My dear child, one would imagine you had been accustomed to entertain paupers, hungry paupers, to hear you talk of people "wanting" anything more; you *must* learn to be more careful in your conversation with your present prospects." And Mrs. Vaughan threw up her head, and flattened her little back, and thrust forward her little chest like an enterprizing pouter pigeon, or a mistress of deportment for the upper classes, as she spoke.

"Oh, give them supper; let us have the supper by all means, Mrs. Vaughan," Sydney Scott cried. The supper appeared to her the sole element left in Hensley out of which pleasure might possibly be extracted. "If we don't have supper, how on earth are we to get over the evening?" Miss Scott asked of Theo later in the day. "It may be all very well for you, Miss Theo; but for people who are not just engaged to each other, let me tell you, a country congregation of this sort is tedious to the last degree."

Finally the supper was decided upon, and when once the fiat for it had gone forth, Mrs. Vaughan went into the clotted cream, blancmange, and whipped syllabub questions in a way that relieved her guests most completely and entirely of the onus of entertaining her.

If the truth and the whole truth be stated though, it must be told that when the evening came it was not the "people who were just engaged" who found it the least tedious. It may have been that excess of happiness made Frank remarkably quiet, not to say subdued; at any rate, something had that effect upon him. As for Theo, after that conversation which has been recorded with Mr. Linley on the Harold Ffrench subject, a conversation which took place before tea, she grew remarkably quiet too, but quiet in a gentle tender way that offered a marked contrast to Frank's unmistakeable sullenness. She was not regretting anything; circumstances had killed anything like love for Mr. Ffrench. David Linley, too, was very thoughtful. He could not help thinking a little of the dead woman who had been his toy, his tool, his slave, but never his love. He could not help thinking of her now as he sat looking at the one he had intended to be the third victim of his hate to Harold Ffrench.

For the rest: Mr. Leigh was happy in an unfeigned sober way that neither sought to hide nor to make itself manifest. He was exceedingly gratified at the climax to which things had come. He had arrived at Hensley anticipating all manner of unpleasantness, in consequence of that warning he had received as to Harold Ffrench's proximity to Theo. The turn things had taken was delightful to him, and he showed that he thought it delightful, but he showed it so quietly that none who knew him less well than Theo could have discerned it at all.

Mrs. Vaughan was happy too, but in a qualified way. She had her doubts about many things, among others whether Theo felt properly impressed by the honor that had been done her, and also whether Theo felt duly grateful to her excellent aunt for that aunt's share in bringing the honor about. Mrs. Vaughan also had her doubts as to the lobster-salad, the construction of which she had in an evil hour of blind confidence entrusted to Sydney Scott, turning out well. "She's *sure* to have put in too much of something, the giddy-pated thing," the old lady said to herself, constantly glaring at the unconscious Sydney, who disregarded the glances, and suffered them to pass without verbal retorts in an unprecedented manner.

Sydney, in fact, was finding the evening far from tedious, though her friend Theo was the nominal heroine of the occasion. Miss Scott was agreeably occupied in watching Mrs. Galton—Mrs. Galton's silken skin was so visibly rubbed the wrong way by this latest achievement of Theo's.

This was the second head of big game that had fallen to Theo's gun before the eyes of Kate, the far more skilled sportswoman. Mrs. Galton was not precisely envious or jealous, but still she did not like it. She had thought but little of Theo, honestly thought but little of her, for Theo's was not the type of grace to touch Mrs. Galton. It was hard, therefore, to feel that Theo was on the high road to all that for which she (Kate) had ever pined—rank and position.

Mrs. Galton began to think more of Frank Burgoyne from the moment his engagement was made known to her. The shock his proposal to Theo caused throughout their circle, the talk and speculation, the surmises and excitement it created, made her feel him to be the important man he was, in a flash. In the order of things it was out of the question that he could have married her, but for all that she did feel sore at his selection of Theo Leigh.

She had offered Theo congratulations in due form, however. Theo had, on Mrs. Galton's arrival that evening, unwarily accompanied that lady up stairs, for the purpose, apparently, of seeing her take off her bonnet; and as soon as they were alone Mrs. Galton said what it is proper to say under such circumstances. She took both Theo's hands in her own, kissed Miss Leigh on the brow in the approved feminine fashion, and said:

"I find I have to congratulate you, Theo; really, you lucky girl, I'm very glad."

"Thank you," Theo replied.

"Thank you! Is that all you're going to say to me?"

"What more is there to be said?" Theo asked. "Have some eau-de-Cologne?"

"No; I won't have anything but a free confession from you that you are very thankful now for not being linked to my cousin Harold in any way that would have caused you to miss this chance."

"I don't know that we need talk about that now," Theo replied.

Kate looked out through the veil of nut-brown hair she was re-arranging.

"There's no harm in talking about it if you have quite got over all feeling for Harold, Theo; of course, if you have not, I will keep silence on the subject. Shall I?"

"Just as you please," Theo replied quietly.

"No, dear, it shall be as you please. The recovery has been rapid, marvellously rapid, I own; still I hope, that is, I *hope*, that it was a recovery; if it is not, as I said before, I'll keep silence on the subject. Shall I?"

"If I say 'yes,' she'll take that as a declaration of the recovery not being perfected yet," Theo thought; "and if I say 'no,' she'll go on talking it over till I'm frantic: anything is better than talking of it; and, after all, what does it matter what she thinks?"

"If it is not, as I said before, I'll keep silence on the subject. Shall I?" Mrs. Galton asked once more.

To which Theo replied—"Yes." And so the matter dropped.

Dropped, that is, as far as conversation on the subject of it with Theo was concerned. But there was still Frank to be congratulated.

Now Mrs. Galton did not set about doing this in the manner that is especially odious to men—publicly, that is, in the face of the whole congregation. Had she done this, she would have had the pleasing knowledge that Frank was feeling exquisitely uncomfortable and ashamed of himself, as publicly congratulated men are apt to feel; but she would also have had the fear of his being annoyed with and suspicious of her. She would not risk this, for at last Frank Burgoyne had become interesting to her.

So she, knowing that to the one who can wait all things will come, waited for a quiet opportunity to say her little speech to him. That opportunity came at last, and she seized it promptly, like the active quick-witted woman she was. Seized and utilized it at once unobserved, as she imagined, by all then present. In this, however, she was mistaken: Sydney Scott saw and marked her.

The occasion taken by the fair strategist was the move in, or rather the confusion arising from the anticipation of the move in, to supper. Mrs. Vaughan was one of those excellent women who, through the very intensity of their desire to see all things done decently and in order, create, entirely by themselves, confusion, disorder, and frequently rank anarchy and despair.

The first sign of the approaching supper was given about an hour and a half before it was to be eaten, by Mrs. Vaughan's partially subdued but palpably uneasy desire to get out of the room. She had a presentiment that grew and strengthened in a frightful manner each moment that she was delayed, that somebody was doing something that ought not to be done to the table, or the viands, or the silver, or the glass.

"I couldn't tell what it was," she explained, after the guests were gone. "I couldn't tell what it was, my dear, but I felt it in my throat; and, sure enough, when I *did* get out at *last* there was cook rubbing up my second-size silver salver with a glass cloth, and the gray-cat licking his paws, and looking at the trifle; and I wish," Mrs. Vaughan continued, with a rapid linking together of cause and effect,—"and I wish, my dear Miss Scott, that you wouldn't put your chair right in the doorway when you see a person wishes to get out of the room quietly and without any fuss."

"I didn't know what you wanted, Mrs. Vaughan," Sydney replied. "I saw you were very uncomfortable, but I didn't know what about. Of course if I had known you wanted to go out and look at the gray-cat licking his paws, I'd have let you pass; but I didn't, so I sat still."

Sydney had sat still, and Mrs Vaughan had thus been compelled (as she fancied) to confine her flutterings to the room, the doorway of which was partially blocked by Miss Scott. But Mrs. Vaughan had not done this calmly. She had disturbed the deep repose, not to call it the dull quietude, which had been hovering over this small celebration-gathering of hers previously. She had broken up the deep repose, and caused people to wonder whether they were expected to make moves towards a departure yet, or whether there was anything more coming.

"Don't you think I had better order the carriage?" Mrs. Galton whispered to Theo.

"Oh! dear no," Theo replied.

"I'll just ask the Burgoynes what they think. I know she doesn't like late hours—she told me so herself," Mrs. Galton said, rising, and moving a little apart from the group of which she had previously been one, a move which brought her close to Frank Burgoyne in the most undesigned way.

"Mr. Burgoyne, you'll hear for me what your aunt thinks about the propriety of making a move, won't you?"

"Yes, if you like," he replied aloud. Then he crossed over, and spoke to Ethel, and then returned with her message, "No, certainly not; don't think of going yet," to Mrs. Galton.

He was near to her at last, and no one was within ear-shot. Her opportunity had come.

"You have not thought me remiss or indifferent because I have refrained from doing aloud what everyone else has done—congratulating you?" she asked, in her lowest voice.

"I have not."

"I suppose I ought to do it now. I suppose it is a settled thing?" she went on softly, and (he thought) anxiously.

"Thank you; it is a settled thing, I suppose," he replied somewhat confusedly.

This was a very newly-born thing, this interest which Mrs. Galton was displaying towards him, and, like the majority of newly-born things, it was perplexing to a man—he did not know how to handle it.

"Then now I may venture to express a portion of the deep interest I take in you. You will be so happy, for you have won her, and you must have loved her dearly to have sought her so soon."

It did not occur to Frank to question why Kate should be more free now to express interest in him than she had been hitherto. He was but a man, and it was pleasant to have this admirable creature feel and express interest for him at all—doubly pleasant, since he had doubted her feeling the slightest interest in him previously. He thought more about the former portion of her sentence, but it was the latter part of it that he answered:

"I ought to be happy, for she's a dear, good girl."

"That she is," Mrs. Galton replied, glancing at Theo; "and you may imagine how peculiarly pleased I am, and what my feelings are now that I see such a fair prospect before her."

Frank made no answer. He knew that Mrs. Galton was making allusion now to Theo's first love-dream. He did not care about it, but he was not quite sure that he liked to hear it spoken about.

"It is an inexpressible relief to me," Mrs. Galton went on; "before this I have really felt ashamed to look Theo in the face; not that I was responsible for my cousin's idle folly, but still he was my cousin, and I always remembered that when I looked at poor Theo."

"That's all gone and past," Frank said gloomily.

"Of course it is: utterly and entirely gone and past, and no one can rejoice more heartily at its being so than I. I little thought, Mr.

Burgoyne, that morning when you came to us under the walnut-tree, and just broke our monotony only to let us relapse into it deeper still by your speedy departure—I little thought that morning, that I should be offering you *such* congratulations before we parted."

"I don't believe you thought about me at all that morning," he said; and then he felt profoundly ashamed of himself and his imprudence in thus betraying chagrin.

This was the small scene which had been regarded attentively by Sydney Scott, and found sufficiently recompensing by her for the burden and heat of the evening. Sydney told herself that it was righteous indignation on Theo's account which made her look with an unfavorable eye upon the free display of fascination Mrs. Galton was making to Theo Leigh's lover; in this she deceived herself, as is by no means uncommon even with those who judge themselves more rigorously than did Miss Sydney Scott.

It came to be understood before the Leighs left, that the marriage should be in the following August. In the commencement of that month Frank would come into possession of certain properties that had been bequeathed to him by another relative; and though Lord Lesborough had given his consent to the latest arrangement his heir had made, and was on the whole well and generously disposed towards him, it still seemed to be only judicious that Frank should not embark upon the sea of matrimony in entire dependence on his grandfather.

Theo was taken in procession by the Burgoynes to Maddington, before her departure to have an interview with the head of the house. Lord Lesborough kept his leg on the rest during the whole of it, in order to be able to lapse into preliminary twinges of the gout did the meeting fall short in the smallest particular of any one of his requirements. But the meeting did not so fall. Theo Leigh had great tact, and she was very fond, in a grateful, clinging way, of the man before whose mighty relative she was now being trotted out.

Her father was with her naturally on the occasion. He had gone with her to the important ceremony of her solemn recognition as Frank's betrothed, fraught with the determination to show Lord Lesborough that he got as good as he gave. In other words, that Theo Leigh was not held to be overpoweringly honored by any man's choice of her. This determination was rather thrown away, however, for when they reached the audience chamber it was made patent to them (despite that lurking gout-symptom) that Lord Lesborough did not deem Theo to be overpoweringly honored himself.

Of the journey back to Bretford little need be said. So much of my story remains still unwritten that I need not essay to draw it out by throwing a great air of importance around, and spreading the description over several pages of a transit by train. So I will only say that my party of three, Mr. Leigh, his daughter, and Sydney Scott, travelled from Hensley to Bretford in perfect safety, since it would not suit my purpose to kill or maim them just yet.

Average reader, sojourner in the every-day paths of life, you do not require to be told what the majority of Theo Leigh's acquaintances said on her return to Bretford as soon as the report of this new engagement of hers made itself heard amongst them. They spoke of Mr. Burgoyne as "that poor young man," without having the faintest idea in their innermost hearts why they pitied him. "He can't know how she has been jilted once," some of the matrons said, in a tone that made some of their young military heroes wince, and resolve solemnly to be extra careful as to the quality of the soft nothings they were wont to whisper to said matrons' daughters.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"AS WE FORGIVE THEM THAT TRESPASS AGAINST US."

Her lines were cast in pleasant places, or, at least, they bade fair to be cast in pleasant places in a very short time. They all said at Bretford that it was a marvellous match for her, and that she was a wonderfully lucky girl to be going to make it. She told herself the same things constantly, for she loved Frank with a true healthy love, and her father walked more erectly than he had done for months; indeed his daughter's engagement had removed nearly all of that gall and bitterness which had embittered his existence of late from his heart, and left it free to beat healthily again. The cloud that had covered Theo's head had been removed, he told himself, by a higher hand than had placed it there. Theo would be guarded safe and sure now from everything from which a man could desire his daughter to be guarded. She would be a viscountess; better than this, she would be the wife of a man whose past career was unsullied by secrecy or subterfuge—whose future was bright as such a past deserved.

Mr. Leigh was very happy in these prospects of Theo's. He was happy to see that Theo's was a far soberer, truer joy than she had had in that first inauspicious engagement of hers, which had been far less brilliant outwardly, and so far less calculated to touch the majority of girls than this one. This love of hers for the younger man, though by no means so young a love as that which had blazed up little more than a year ago, and burnt itself out, was still a better love. It was calmer, less exacting, less fearful. It was likewise far deeper and more likely to last.

She clung very much to her companionship with her father in these days, talking to him frequently of the old days down at Houghton, the days before Harold Ffrench had come there. They never spoke of aught that had transpired after that bright April morning when I brought them before you first. They dropped their lives at that epoch, as it were, and took them up again in these days, passing over all that had gone between.

All that had gone between. All the sweetness, and the sorrow, and the sympathy that had made that period the richest portion of her life. Rich in such thoughts as could never be hers again. It was hard sometimes to pass it over in silence, but she knew that Mr. Ffrench's forgiveness was not perfected in her father's heart as yet, and until it was so, she could not bear him named. For, though her love for him was a dead thing now, she thought kindly of him still.

They spoke more of her approaching marriage than most fathers and daughters do—such a topic is the mother's more especially; but in this case it was with her father that she made little plans for the future—plans in which he always had a share. Was this because of some doubt she felt that in his heart he was not well-assured of her perfect satisfaction with that future, and that until he was so assured he would remember the happiness she had felt in a widely different one, and remember the one who had changed that happiness into misery for a time.

Lord Lesborough was suffering from a tedious wasting illness, and Lord Lesborough's heir—because his aunts willed it so lovingly—spent much of his time at Maddington. But even when he was in London he was not extortionate in his demands on Theo's time and attention. He never sought to withdraw her from her father's society; and though always pleased to be with her and to speak with her about his future life, and his public hopes, he would stroll about for hours alone when he went to spend long quiet days with them.

From time to time pompous messages were wafted up from the sick-room at Maddington to Theo *via* Ethel.

"You are first favorite with papa," that young lady wrote; "he discourses on your merits by the hour together to Harold Ffrench, who comes here sometimes, or rather by the five minutes together, for that's the extreme length of time which Mr. Ffrench stays in his room. When papa is better and you're Mrs. Frank, Hugo Burgoyne will retire into the obscure corner of the gallery again."

These things were very pleasant to Theo, and they made her feel more tenderly still towards Frank. It was not in her, she feared, to "forward" in any other way this man who was to be her husband. But in his own family, or rather with the mightiest member of his family, she had done him good service already. Occasionally a fear crossed her mind that Frank, though he liked her to be well liked by all his family, did not care very much for the larger need of toleration that was now awarded to himself, and that he only accepted the situation because it was not worth while to dispute it. But she strove to put that fear behind her. She desired to believe him to be all that was good and dutiful.

These messages from Maddington were balm and oil to her father and mother. Mr. Leigh would have regarded with unfavorable eyes any alliance, however brilliant, for his daughter, to which the family of the one who might desire to make it with her did not incline. From the Burgoynes there had been no demur; more than that, from the Burgoynes there had been every evidence of a satisfaction as complete as his own; therefore was Mr. Leigh happy with a fulness of content that made Theo feel that some things could not be too dearly purchased.

On the whole, it will be seen, that this was a happy time enough, for there was much to make life very bright to the girl who had known much sorrow, to the girl one of whose most poignant sorrows had been the knowledge that through her had been dealt the blow which had bowed a head never before bowed by aught approaching to shame—her father's. It was a happy time; for unless two lives could have been entirely unlived, there was no possibility of her life to come being brighter and safer than it promised to be.

If Time could have been arrested there, if he would only have stood still and suffered those who had sorrowed so much to be at rest, at peace! There was a dead lull, such a lull as we see and feel sometimes after a mid-summer tempest, when Nature seems too tired to do any more, and so lies down, showing us how grandly calm she can be in fatigue. But if you have lived on the brink of the ocean, as I have done for years, watching all its changes, and marking all its moods, you will know that Nature's power is but taking a brief respite, and that she will rise up soon in such a storm as must wreck many.

She wakes from her lethargy, from that fear-disarming torpor, by such gentle degrees at times that you disregard the signs, and fall as prone before her fury as though no such indications of waking had been given. A feeling of something has been over you, perchance—of something that is not fear, and that "resembles sorrow only as the mist resembles the rain"—which, after all, is resemblance close enough to make the majority melancholy.

This lull had lasted then for a space that was all too brief to look back upon, but that had not been so very brief in reality. Summer was over everything once more—summer as warm and soft, but a trifle less bright perhaps to some than that past one of '51.

The lull was very perfect, very soft, and full, and deep, one gentle June evening at Bretford. Out on a terrace in front of Mr. Leigh's house they stood enjoying it. "They" were the father and his daughter, and that daughter's future husband.

The marriage that was to be in August, towards the latter end of August, had been spoken about freely between them that evening.

"We shall come here first, Frank, when we come back from the Continent, here, before we go anywhere else, shan't we?"

"Certainly we shall," Frank replied. He was rather indifferent, to tell the truth, as to where they should go first when they returned from the Continent. He would have said "certainly we shall," had Theo suggested the Bights of Biafra.

"I don't ask that; you'll have other places that you must go to first, but by-and-by. What days we shall have together again, Theo!" her father said to her.

"Ah! what days we *shall* have, dear; there will be hardly any break, papa, not so much of a break as when I went to Hensley, in fact."

She left her lover's side as she spoke, and went round to her father's, looking up into his eyes with some of the old sweet gladness in her own that he had missed so long, so sorely! He was very happy then.

"Theo will have to rely principally on you next season," Frank Burgoyne said; "you see, if things stand as they are" (he meant if Lord Lesborough still lived), "I'm to come forward for West ——shire, and I must make a show of attending to my electioneering interests, and I shan't care to know that Theo is out alone."

"Theo won't be out alone much," Theo replied. "I can promise that much, can't I, papa? I suppose you won't be much interested in reality, Frank?—I am very ignorant about politics."

"Remain so; that is all I ask," he rejoined, laughing.

"I don't think Theo would have been the ideal wife for a man who had had to work out his own career," Mr. Leigh remarked. "Yours was made for you."

"Which accounts for my indifference, concerning it, and for hers too, for that matter. I wish I had been compelled to work for a career; by heaven, it's the only thing to make a man of a fellow."

"It's a very fine thing, and answers occasionally," Mr. Leigh said quietly.

"Papa, don't pretend to think that it has not answered in your case," Theo began earnestly. "Why, mere success would have been nothing to what you gained so early, and have kept so long; to have made a name for such gallantry so young, and to have held it untarnished all these years! I had rather have that knowledge of my father than any other that could be given me."

"You see, the child can be enthusiastic," the father said, turning half away and scanning the offing, because he would not let them see that he was touched by her loving proud mention of that which he never talked about himself. Then the trio walked on in silence for a few moments, in complete silence till—there! when the blue, crimson, and gold, the tricolor of departing day was flaming over the west, when the broad bosom of the water that rolled on at their feet was studded with a myriad diamond stars that were again momentarily shattered into yet a myriad more, when the voices of the seamen weighing anchor in the river were raised aloft in that evening strain that is less sweet than solemn, when the pall of silence was over all else around, and the grey mantle of the grand still night was descending rapidly, when the day was done, when the hour of deepest calm had come,—then it was that Theo heard the first breath of the coming storm.

They had walked along in silence for a few minutes—in a silence that not one of them felt impatient to break. Suddenly Theo heard an exclamation that was partly a groan, and she looked and saw that her father had crossed his arms firmly, as he had done that night when the tale of Harold's shame, of Harold's wife, was told them.

He had stopped, clasping himself over the chest in that firm clasp which he had often been wont to give himself when, standing in the bows of his boat, he would be leading on a cutting-out expedition. The attitude was the same, but there was a touch less of "something" over all that wrung her heart to tears, for that clasp lasted but for an instant, then it relaxed, and his arms fell prone.

There were no tears in her eyes though, and no falter in her voice, as she moved closer to him quietly, and asked him had he spoken to her, had he said—anything?

While she questioned him thus quietly, Frank Burgoyne stood near to her, looking more startled and anxious than the girl whose heart was shedding tears, and for a few moments there was no answer.

Only for a few moments, but, "my God," Theo thought, whenever in after years she recalled them, "the agony of them, the agony of them!" Those moments were of dread and horror so condensed that they might have been spread over a whole lifetime, and have made that life bitter.

Theo could not have said what had come over her father, no word-painting can describe that change, none could have said precisely in what way he was not as he had been a minute before. There had come a tinge of pallor over that bronzed old face that might have been the work of months of sickness, and there had come a weaker compression of the lip, and a trembling where before there had been power in the frame.

The anguish of it! of that standing there, and being as powerless as the stones at her feet to avert, or assist, or understand, indeed, this fell visitant, whatever it might be. The anguish of standing in that melting summer air, knowing nothing, save that the only rock she had never split upon—the love that existed between her father and herself—was being shattered then.

He spoke at last, and even his voice was changed. Is it worth being born into the world to see such things come to pass? So they led him in helpless as an infant between them, and the doctors came, and told sorrowfully how the strong man was stricken with paralysis.

It was not so much that for a time they did not know the worst, as it was that they would not think the worst. We are apt to say to the truth in such cases, "get thee behind me," far more determinately than to Satan. His wife and daughter sat there by the side of his bed for hours, and days, and weeks, knowing well that he would never rise from it again, and be as he had been—knowing this well, and refusing to believe it, and telling each other and themselves that it was not so.

Had he been weak, puny, ailing, had he been other than he was, in fact, a god of strength and courage to his daughter, she must have suffered less, for it is not in the heart of woman to lament in like degree the falling of a sapling as the shattering of an oak. Theo could not tend upon him with the unceasing devotion of her mother. She had been so proud of him in his strength that it broke her down utterly to have to minister to his weakness.

Shall I linger over these scenes? they were simply heart-breaking, for as after a brief space there ceased to be hope, there soon also ceased to be anxiety. It was a dull, numbing heart-breaking time, nothing more.

There dawned a day at last when he could speak; but the bitter terror that altered speech created in their hearts! It was God's decree, and morning and night in the course of her prayers she said fervently "Thy will be done." But "not in this way should he have died, not in this way," was her hourly cry.

This was the end of it all,—of that which had commenced more than fifty years ago, when a little midshipman of nine he had first cocked his hat and drawn his dirk for the king,—of that early promotion which made him a distinguished man while still a mere boy, promotion the fruit of a daring so winning, bright, and bold, that, bring him what it would, none could be found to grudge it; the end of that restless, courageous spirit that lost all that early gain because, when blows were striking anywhere for that mythical liberty for which so many men have suffered, he carried his sword thither and drew it with effect, erring against the routine which commanded him to remain quiescent;—the end of a life that had risked itself freely on the chilly shores of North America—that had offered itself up for the salvation of Greece—that had nearly ebbed away in floods from fearful wounds made by Mexican blades on Mexican plains—that had staked itself right willingly a thousand times, and never hesitated at placing itself where sharp, immediate payment of that stake might be claimed;—the end of a life that had been without fear, as all men could attest, and that, if it had not been without reproach, was at least as free from it as the lives of men whose blood does not flow pale may be. This was the end, this was the end!

It was very sad! Even those who have never tingled to the tales told by the lips they love of such deeds, must feel that after them such an end was very sad. The poor child, his daughter, felt it to be cruelly, crushingly so, for she had fallen into the error of imagining that he had made himself famous by his sword, and that there was a twist in nature's mind when she could bring such a man to such a pass as this.

He laid there for awhile scarcely living, yet not dying, they told them; and Theo sat by his bed-side through long summer days and evenings, watching the shipping on the river, and trying to interest him sometimes about the steamers and their destinations. But it was but a flaccid interest he took in these things. He liked to dwell rather in that past which had been glorious to him, than in these tame-current days. Whenever he did speak of a future, it was of hers as Frank Burgoyne's wife.

It rejoiced her often to perceive how dear this thing was to him; how he comforted himself in it, and, by reason of his knowledge of it, resigned himself the more humbly to this sorrow of his own. She had never known before how he wearied over what would become of her when he was dead and no longer able to take care of her as he would have her cared for. How much he had doubted and distrusted what the morrow might bring forth for his child in a way that was entirely foreign to the brave carelessness of his spirit. But she read all these truths clearly by the light of that reliance he displayed on Frank Burgoyne, and his satisfaction in her prospects.

These prospects were not brought before her too vividly just now, for she herself removed the onus that would otherwise have been on Mr. Burgoyne, of coming down to Bretford whenever he was able to do so.

"You see I must devote myself to my father now while I can," she had said to Frank, with a little gulp over the last three words, and Frank had responded:

"Yes, of course. Well, then, you see, I had better not bother you by coming when I'm in town next: I'll write."

"You wouldn't bother me," she replied; "we both know very well that you wouldn't do that, but it must be dull for you to sit down here by yourself, and very sad to see me as I am now about papa."

"Well, I will try to content myself with writing until your father is better, Theo," Frank said, and he looked as though he could content himself very easily with so doing; then he added: "Don't let Mr. Lee imagine that I keep away on account of his illness; tell him we both thought it better till you had more time and were less tired. As it is, I feel that I'm in the way, and I can do no good."

"No, you can do no good," Theo answered. "I'll tell him, but he doesn't heed much now."

With bitter, mute misery they marked that he heeded less and less as the days sped on. This withering foe that had come upon him while still in the pride of his manhood—this blight that had blasted him in an instant—seemed to lay deeper hold upon him day by day, and soon they knew that its progress might not be arrested; that this first seizure required no assistance from a second edition of itself to prove fatal.

There, through those sultry July days, he laid—the man whom I showed to you, when this story opened, erect and vigorous; an old sea-lion, murmuring occasionally little scraps of prayers that he had learnt in boyhood, and being very helpless and very patient always. They scarcely liked to tell him how old brother officers came about them, constantly tendering their heartfelt sympathy for that which Theo felt to be so bitingly hard—so void of mercy. They scarcely liked to tell him of this for the fear they had of arousing an anxiety about himself which slept now. They did not quite realize that he had done with all hopes and fears for himself.

Currently, out in the world that knew of that blow which had fallen, speculations were rife as to who would succeed Mr. Leigh; whether his widow would make a successful claim for those arrears of half-pay that were due to him; whether he had been provident enough to insure his life for his daughter; and whether the man who would be appointed in his room would have a large family; for, "if so, these apartments would be cramped." These were the subjects suggested to the passers-by, by the shaded windows of the house at the corner in which one of them lay dying.

Kneeling by his side one night, waiting there in awe, Theo grew conscious of a desire that her father had that she should pray for him—aloud, I mean; she was always praying for him in her heart.

So she began the prayer of prayers in a low voice, and she saw him trying to follow the words that she accentuated in the steady voice that never failed her when she was near him.

He opened his eyes when she came to the prayer for forgiveness of our own sins, and his last words were:

"'*As* we forgive them that trespass against us.'"

As Theo rose and staggered away out of the room—staggered under the first real blow that had been dealt her—she uttered a passionate hope that "Frank would come and say something to her." She panted, she longed for kind, gentle, reassuring words. The ground seemed shaken under her feet, and every impulse of her loving nature urged her to cling to Frank.

"If he would only come in; if he only knew, he would be here directly," she kept on sobbing to herself, as she sat in a darkened room, and listened with a painful earnestness to every slow footstep that passed to and fro in the house. She felt, with an intensity of feeling that was nearly sickening, what was being done in that other darkened chamber, in which the spirit had fled. Then soon there fell upon her ear the soul-subduing knell that tolled out the tale to all in the place, of one more comrade gone—of one of their band having received the last promotion.

While she was waiting for him thus eagerly, Frank was on his way to her. When he was about a hundred yards from the house, he met Sydney Scott, and at the same moment the passing bell commenced its sad chime.

"That's poor Mr. Leigh," Sydney said mournfully. "I would like to go to Theo, but I dare not." And she shuddered, and then added: "Besides, no doubt she doesn't want anybody just now."

So he did not go to the one who wearied for him just yet. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The Opinion Nationale, in a curious article on the bad marksmanship of the infantry, mentions that 15,000,000 cartridges were used at Solferino to shoot down 10,000 Austrians at the outside, which shows that it took 1,500 bullets to kill or wound one man, and represents a weight of 200 pounds.

Mr. Lincoln's Conversation on Threats of Assassination.

A correspondent of the New York Post gives the following reminiscences of a conversation with Mr. Lincoln:

I am reminded of a conversation that took place between us about this time, which may be of interest to your readers, in view of the terrible calamity which has overtaken the nation.

A late number of the Tribune (this was the last of March, 1864,) contained a full account of an elaborate conspiracy, matured in Richmond, either to assassinate or abduct the person of the President. Five hundred or a thousand men were said to be sworn to accomplish the deed. Several days subsequent to its publication, I asked Mr. Lincoln if he had seen the statement. He said he had not, nor even heard of it.

I then, at his request, gave him the details. We were walking together at the time, and I remember distinctly the conversation. After I had concluded he smiled incredulously, and said: "Well, even if true, I do not see what the rebels would gain by either killing or getting possession of me. I am but a single individual, and it would not help their cause, or make the least difference in the progress of the war. Everything would go right on just the same. Soon after I was nominated at Chicago," he continued, "I began to receive letters threatening my life. The first one or two made me a little uncomfortable, but I came at length to look for a regular instalment of this kind of correspondence in every week's mail, and up to inauguration day I was in the constant receipt of such letters, and it is no uncommon thing even to receive them now; but they have ceased to give me any apprehension." I expressed some surprise at this; but he replied in his peculiar way, "There is nothing like getting used to things!" Alas! that the nation should to-day be sitting under the shadow of the great crime—the consummation of those very threats—which he had come to regard so lightly.

Very truly, yours, F. B. CARPENTER.

☞ Dorset is a maritime county in England, on the Channel. A book has been published in Boston in the Dorset dialect, by William Barnes, the original pronunciation being preserved by the spelling. Here is a pleasant example:—

FALSE FRIENDS LIKE.

When I wer' still a bwoy, and mother's pride,
A bigger bwoy spoke up to me so kind like—
"If you do like, I'll treat ye wi' a ride
In thease wheel-barrow here." Zo I were blind-like
To what 'e had a worken in his mind-like,
An' mounted vor a passenger inside:
An' comen to a puddle perty wide,
He tipped me in a grianen back behind-like.
Zo when a man do come to me too thick-like,
An' sheak my hand, where conce 'e pass'd me by,
An' tell me he would do me this or that,
I can't help thinken o' the big bwoy's trick-like,
An' then, for all I can but wag my hat,
An' thank 'en, I do veel a Hule shy.

☞ Harvey Ford, an old man in New Haven, was very much affected by the news of President Lincoln's decease, and after appearing much depressed all day, he dropped dead in the evening.

☞ An Albany dyer had a grudge against a musician, and at a ball recently the dyer threw a vial of vitriol upon the musician's head changing the color of his hair from gray to a bright scarlet.

☞ Great guns cost something—a 10-inch Parrott gun costs $4,500; a 15-inch Rodman costs $6,500; a 12-inch Krupp gun costs $20,400; a 12-inch Blakely costs $35,000. The two latter are made of steel.

☞ The Earl of Lovelace, widower of the only daughter of Lord Byron, is about to be married to a widow named Jenkins.

☞ Jacob Strawn, the great Illinois farmer, has made the Christian Commission a donation of $10,000.

☞ One cent's worth of stout wire, bent in the shape of the letter U, is a very good protection against burglars. Hang the curved part of the wire on the door-knob, and let the two extremities pass through the bow of the key after the door is locked. Then the burglars may rage in vain, unless they break the door down.

☞ Sivori has recently met with an accident to his violin. A drunken coachman upset him near Udine, and his fiddle was smashed. The German papers are pathetic over the calamity.

☞ A great sensation has recently been produced in musical circles at Paris by a Polish guitar player, named Sokolowski. This artist has introduced some considerable improvements in the guitar, which he has made an instrument capable of producing a great variety of musical effects, and remarkable for its sonorousness and compass.

☞ The conspiracy included Mr. Stanton. On Friday, fortunately the bell wire at his house was broken. In the evening Mr. Stanton was alone with his wife, the servants having gone out. A man came to the door, and the broken wire prevented Mr. Stanton being summoned to the door, and he thus escaped.

☞ I attribute the little I know to my not having been ashamed to ask for information, and to my rule of conversing with all descriptions of men on those topics that form their own peculiar professions and pursuits.—*Locke.*

☞ A Canadian farmer raised wheat on a field in which wild peppermint was so plenty and rank that much of it was bound with the wheat. When harvested it was put in a barn badly infested with rats, which at once left the premises.

☞ Instead of taking off his old shingles when he renewed the roof of his dwelling, a correspondent of the Canada Farmer covered them over with mortar, and with nails some half an inch longer than the common ones, put on the new shingles.

☞ Washington. Providence left him childless that a nation might call him father.

☞ The farmers of Livingston county, Illinois, have adopted the plan to do without fences, every one taking care of his own cattle. The system works well, and the whole expense of fences is saved.

☞ RICHMOND.—Gen. Grant took possession of Richmond exactly one year from the day on which he reached Culpepper, and took command of the army of the Potomac. It was an eventful year to him and to his country that which followed April 3, 1864.

☞ There is a Pennsylvania soldier who has lost both arms, both legs, and one eye, and remains alive to tell the story.

Sherman's Treaty.

A Washington correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, speaking of Sherman's treaty, says that when it was laid before the Cabinet by President Johnson, he remarked: "Gentlemen, this proposition is not debateable, and I only submit it to ask you how it is to be set aside." He also says that when Grant left for North Carolina, he took nothing with him but a saddle and bridle, ready to take the field. The Commercial gives the following extract from a private letter from an officer in Sherman's army:

"The feeling in this army is that of disgust over the result of the recent conference between General Sherman and the rebel commander. The exact condition of affairs is not yet fully understood by the rank and file; but the more intelligent of the officers understand the purport of the programme, as laid down in the agreement entered into between the commander of a victorious army of sixty-five or seventy thousand men and the leader of a worsted and demoralized force of less than one-third in numbers. We all feel ourselves disgraced and degraded. At any time within the last two weeks we could have captured and annihilated Johnston's force."

RECENT DECISION.—The Attorney General has decided that, under Grant's arrangement with Lee—

1. Northern men in the rebel army must remain south, and cannot go back to the northern homes which they deserted to engage in the rebellion.

2. The same holds true of all who went from Maryland or the District of Columbia.

3. No rebel can be permitted to come north to find a residence, or for any other purpose.

4. Civilians in the rebel service are subject to the same provisions.

5. The national capital cannot be made a place of residence for rebels.

6. All who have aided the rebellion must find homes in the south, and remain there, where they can be looked after by the military authorities.

7. It is an act of hostility to be seen in public wearing the rebel uniform.

REBEL CONFISCATION.—President Johnson affords us, in his own experience, an illustration of the way in which the rebel authorities treated leading and influential men at the south while they had the power. Every bit of property he had in the world was seized and confiscated to the purposes of the rebellion, and his family exiled or imprisoned, for no other offence than that of loyalty to the republic. This experience corresponds with that of Governor Brownlow, the present chief magistrate of the State of Tennessee. Indeed, it was the uniform treatment of every man at the south known to entertain similar sentiments. Even those who compromised with treason by professing neutrality, in order to save their property, were not spared. The oath of allegiance to the rebel government was strictly enforced as a test.

☞ The steamer Sultana exploded her boilers near Vicksburg on the 27th. She had 2,100 souls on board, of whom more than 1,400 are reported to be lost. The men were released Union prisoners in great part. Very sad.

☞ It is estimated at the Treasury Department, that since the surrender of Lee's army the expenses of the government have been reduced nearly one million dollars per day. One-half of the clerks in the Quartermaster's Department are to be dismissed at once.

☞ Jeff. Davis is off, with Hampton's cavalry, 5,000 strong, as an escort, and from "six to thirteen millions of specie."

☞ President Johnson has changed the day of national mourning to Thursday, June 1, as the day previously appointed is Ascension Day.

☞ A gentleman in Wethersfield, Ct., last year bought 1,600 bushels of onions, and put them to seed, getting 5,000 pounds of seed, which he sold for the high price of $3 50 a pound, getting $17,500 for the crop, and making a profit of over $12,000.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There is some little export inquiry for Flour. Sales at $7 25@7 75 for superfine; $8@8 50 for extras; $9,75@9,50 for extra family, and $10@11 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is selling at $6,50@6,75 ₩ bbl. Corn Meal, a sale of 400 bbls Penna was made at $5,75; Brandywine is held at $6,50.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and prime Wheat is scarce. Sales 25,000 bus at $1,90@2,15 for common to good and choice reds, and $2,15@2 37 for white. Rye is selling at $1,25@1,30. Corn; sales 50,000 bus at $1,22@1,30 for yellow, and $1,15@1,18 for white. Oats are firm at 82@83c.

PROVISIONS are firmer; sales of 500 bbls Mess Pork at $29@31, the latter for heavy Western. Beef—Sales of common and extra Mess at $10@13 ₩ bbl. Beef Hams are selling at $27@28. Bacon—Sales of Hams at 19@21c, the latter for fancy bagged, and Shoulders at 17½@18½c. Green Meats—Sales of Hams in pickle at 18@20c, and Shoulders in salt at 15½@17c. Lard is quoted at 19@19½c for tcs, kegs are worth 22@23c ₩ lb. Butter is selling at 15@25c for packed and roll. Cheese is selling at 13@24c ₩ lb. Eggs are worth 23@24c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The week's sales reach about 400 bales at 37@58c for low and good middling quality.

BARK—There is little inquiry for Quercitron, and 1st No 1 is $2 lower, with sales of 50 hhds at $26.

COAL—The demand both for shipment and home use is very small. Schuylkill White Ash, lump, ₩ ton, $7,50@8; Prepared do, $7,50@8, Red Ash, $7,75@8,25; Lehigh, lump, $9; Prepared, $9; by retail, do, $11; Schuylkil l prepared, $10.

COFFEE—Sales 600 bags Rio at 21@22c.

FEATHERS—Sales 5000 lbs Western at 62c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—The sales are in a small way at about previous rates.

HAY is selling at $28@30 ₩ ton.

HOPS—Sales at 40@50c ₩ lb for first sort, Eastern and Western.

IRON—There is very little demand for Pig Iron, which is quoted nominally at $33@37 for Forge, and $40@45 for Foundry.

LUMBER is drm but quiet; we quote White Pine Boards at $30@32, Yellow Sap do at $26@27, and Lehigh Hemlock at $20 ₩ M. feet.

MOLASSES—Sales of some 300 hhds Cuba at 55@56c.

OILS—Petroleum is firmer. We quote Crude at 35@36c; refined in bond at 54@55c, and free at 73@77c.

PLASTER is selling at about $5 ₩ ton.

RICE is firm, at the 10½c for Rangoon, and 12@12½c for Savannah.

SEEDS are quiet. Sales of Clover seed at $17@17,50 ₩ bushel. Timothy is dull at $4@5. Flaxseed is selling at $2,55@2,60 ₩ bushel.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are dull at previous rates. N. E. Rum sells at $1,55@2,60. Whiskey lower, with sales of 600 bbls at $2,13@2,15.

SUGARS—Sales of 3,000 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 11½@12½c.

TALLOW—Rendered is quoted at 11½@11½c for country and city.

WOOL—There is a better feeling in the market. Sales 150,000 lbs at 65@75c for common mixed and good western fleece, and 80@85c for tub.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 600 head. The prices realized from $8 to 12,50 ₩ 100 lbs. 2500 Hogs at from $17,50 to 18,00 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 9½ to 12½c ₩ lb. 100 Cows brought from $30 to 55 ₩ head.

☞ We are so familiar with the term *Hallelujah* that it hardly needs explanation. It is the Hebrew imperative, second person plural, of the verb "to praise," joined with "Jah," the abbreviated name of Jehovah, and signifies, "Praise ye the Lord!"

JARED'S "EMAIL DE PARIS" for imparting beauty and freshness to the complexion. The most sensitive and retiring lady may use the exquisite "Email" without hesitancy. L'Email is especially endorsed by Mlle. Vestvali, Lucille Western, Mrs. D. P. Bowers and many other ladies of beauty and talent. Sold by all Druggists Perfumers and Ladies' Hair Dressers. Orders by mail should be addressed to JARED & KERR, Philada., Pa. mar11-3m

PATIENTS BROUGHT TO THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE by disease of the lungs CAN BE SAVED by COD LIVER OIL

Of entirely pure and of the best quality, but not otherwise. John C. Baker & Co.'s medicinal transparent Cod Liver Oil has the sanction of the leading incorporated medical institutions of this country. There is none comparable to it. Manufactured and sold by John C. Baker & Co., No 715 Market street, Philadelphia. Price $1 per bottle. Letters from the country receive attention. For sale by all druggists. my6-3m

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1,18. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN. HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

COE'S TONIC ELIXIR is a sure remedy for dyspepsia, debility and nausea, or sickness at the stomach, and it is particularly beneficial to females in a weak state from over-nursing and care of children. It is delightful to the taste, can be taken at all times without injury, and should be in every family. Principal Depot, SAMUEL C. HART, No. 24 South Second street, below Market. For sale by Druggists generally.

AMERICAN LADIES, to heighten their color and beauty, should take one teaspoonful of Dr. T. B. TALBOT'S MEDICATED PINEAPPLE CIDER at dinner, also when they retire at night, and when they rise in the morning.

For sale everywhere.
H. T. BABBITT, Sole Agent,
64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72 and 74 Washington Street, New York.
H. C. KELLOGG, Agent at Philadelphia.
Also for sale by H. A. BOWERS, N. W. corner 6th and Green Streets, Philada.

DIARRHŒA AND DYSENTERY will decimate the volunteers far more than the bullets of the enemy, therefore let every man see to it that he carries with him a full supply of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. Their use in India and the Crimea saved thousands of British soldiers. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 35 cents, 88 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $24. feb25-eow10t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th of April, by Friends' ceremony, in the presence of Alex. Henry, Mayor, JOHN C. OGDEN, of Philada., to EMILY H. THOMAS, of Delaware county, Pa.

On the 17th of April, by the Rev. G. W. Jerman, Mr SAMUEL P. SIMON to Miss LYDIA A. HOFFNER, both of this city.

On the 16th of April, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. CHRISTIAN TIRMAN to Miss ELIZABETH BARTHOLOMEW, both of this city.

On the 17th of April, by the Rev. T. C. Murphy, Mr. WILLIAM J. CASTER to Miss SALLIE E. MILLS, both of Frankford.

On the 20th of April, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, D. D., THOMAS B. HANN, Esq., to Miss ADELINE E. BRUDER, both of this city.

On the 17th of April, by the Rev. S. W. Thomas, Mr. HENRY BRINNHOLTZ to Miss ELIZABETH S. MARKEN, both of this city.

On the 10th of April, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. JOHN M. TRAPP to Miss MARY J. COOK, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Saturday, April 22d, 1865, MARY ELIZABETH, only child of Crispin and Martha Taylor, aged 16 years and 17 days.

On the 24th of April, SAMUEL NEFF, in his 67th year.

On the 24th of April, DAVID LITSCOW, in his 38th year.

On the 23d of April, Mrs. MARY MAULL, in her 84th year.

On the 23d of April, Rev. WILLIAM M. GIDDINGS, aged 54 years.

On the 23d of April, MARY A. WHITE, in her 49th year.

On the 23d of April, BENJAMIN S. LEWERS, in his 32d year.

On the 22d of April, Mrs. ELIZABETH TOWN, in her 77th year.

On the 22d of April, GEORGE W. HURST, in his 30th year.

On the 21st of April, JANE, wife of Frederick Robinson, aged 35 years.

1865. CARD FOR NEW YEAR. 1865.
EYRE & LANDELL.
ESTABLISHED IN 1840.

We always adhere to good Goods, and depend on fair dealing for patronage.
GOOD STOCK OF SILK GOODS.
GOOD STOCK OF DRESS GOODS.
SHAWLS AND STAPLE GOODS.
mar18-1y

CEDAR CAMPHOR

FOR MOTHS. March and April are the best months to ensure your winter clothing against ruin by ravages of those destructive vermin. One package NOW is worth six in June. HARRIS & CHAPMAN, Boston, facture it. All druggists have it.

WHERE you conquer one Moth now you conquer a dozen in June—that is, you *kill 'em before they're born*.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 300 times, mailed for 50 CENTS. THREE for $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass. dec 17-tf

Rates of Advertising.
Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN!!—A large, handsome, and most excellent Lithograph Likeness, just out: 21 by 15 inches, beautifully ornamented with flags and heavy black mourning border. One Copy 25 cents. Six $1,50. Twelve $2,50. Sent by Mail, *Post Free*, on receipt price. Mottoes, Flags, Badges, &c., &c. Send stamp for prices. (*Papers, inserting this twice, receive 2 copies Free.*) Address distinctly,
KEYSTONE SPECIAL AGENCY,
Mount Vernon Street,
(*Agents Wanted.*) PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HAVE YOU SEEN
THE NEW JUVENILE MUSIC BOOK, by the Author of "The Golden Wreath,"
MERRY CHIMES.
Specimen pages sent free. Price of the New Book, 50 cts., $5 a dozen.
OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers,
my6-tf 277 Washington St., Boston.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with
Plain Table, $55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 65

No. 2 Machine, with
Waxed Black Walnut Table, $65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 100

No. 1 Machine, with
Polished Table, $75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut, 82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

BEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

A WATCH FREE,
And $16 to $20 per day, made easy, selling our *Latest Novelty*, now creating such an *Immense Sensation* and extraordinary demand throughout the *Army* and Country. The *Great, New*, and *Wonderful* PRIZE PORT-FOLIOS. Extra Large. Size 7 by 13. *Just Out*. Each of which contains *Several Dollars' Worth* of useful and *Valuable Goods*, PRIZES, &c. Price only 25 cents. Articles that Soldiers and Families cannot *do without*. Thousands sold every day. Soldiers can clear a *Month's Pay* in one day. Agents wanted in every town, village and camp for this *Standard Article*. A splendid *Gold or Silver* WATCH presented *free* as a premium to every Agent. This is the greatest money-making and surest business of the day. Profits *very large*. Sales rapid. We *guarantee* any agent $15 per day. All goods forwarded, with premiums, *same day* the order is received. Catalogues, with wholesale prices and *Premium Inducements*, sent *free*.
S. C. RICKARDS & CO.,
102 Nassau St., N. Y., *Sole Manufacturers*.
feb4-13t

O'DOR! O'DOR!
DR. BRIGGS' GOLDEN O'DOR

Will force a beautiful set of whiskers or moustache on the smoothest face in from five to eight weeks, without stain or injury to the skin, or hair on bald heads in eight weeks, (and no humbug.) I receive recommendations most every day from persons that have used it and found it genuine. Testimonials of thousands. I will send my Golden O'Dor by mail, sealed and post-paid for $1,25. (Warranted.) Send all orders to DR. C. BRIGGS,
ap8-4t P. O. Drawer 6308, Chicago.

ENCLOSE 25 CENTS TO BOX 21, Adams Centre, N. Y., and get something you can make $100 with. GENTS READ AND ANSWER.

AGENTS, COME AND EXAMINE
An Invention urgently needed by everybody, or sample sent free by mail for 50 cents, which retail for $3 easily, by R. L. WOLCOTT,
feb18-1y No. 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

USE OF TOBACCO
In all its forms CURED AND PREVENTED. The medicine sent free, by mail, for FIFTY CENTS—five for TWO DOLLARS, by DAY & SON,
ap 1-13t New Haven, Conn.

AGENTS WANTED.—$10 per day clear profit. For particulars, enclose red stamp to WM. EARL, 12 White St., New York. ap15-3m

DRS. BASSET & DOWN, Dentists, Oculists, and Aurists. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Platina, and Vulcanite, $5 to $50. Teeth filled with Gold, Silver, and Bone Filling, 50c. to $1. Repairing. References. Office, 245 Ninth St., below Locust. Letters receive attention. mar25 3m

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—MY ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
feb27-if 199 Nassau street, New York City.

BAKER'S
ORNAMENTAL HAIR
MANUFACTORY.
The largest and best assortment of
Wigs, Toupees, Long Hair Braids and Curls, Water-falls, Victorines, Frizettes, Illusive Seams for Ladies,
At Prices LOWER than elsewhere,
909 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.
ap15-4t

B. FRANK PALMER.
SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation.
Address B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oct31-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

P. S. PETERSON & Co.,
(Late Withers & Peterson,)
39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA.
STOCK AND EXCHANGE
BROKERS.

STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
my9-1y

ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS

Are not only unexcelled, but they are positively unequalled by any reed instrument in the country for SWEETNESS of TONE, POWER and DURABILITY. For sale only by E. M. BRUCE,
No. 18 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

Also, constantly on hand, a complete assortment of the PERFECT MELODEON. PIANOS from the best manufactories in the country. Also, SHEET MUSIC. je18-1y

☞ ATTENTION! ☜
100 PHOTOGRAPHS OF FEMALE BEAUTIES, in Oil Colors, for 50 cents, or plain ones for 25 cents.
100 Photographs of Generals for 25 cents.
☞ All orders must be sent to C. BRIGGS,
ap8-8t Drawer 6308, Chicago, Ill.

Morris Farm Oil Company,
OFFICE, 226 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia,
SECOND STORY FRONT ROOM.
☞ Circulars can be procured upon application at the office of the Company. mar11-9t

OLD EYES MADE NEW

A Pamphlet directing how to speedily restore sight and give up spectacles, without aid of Doctor or medicine. Sent by mail free on receipt of 10 cts. Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D.,
ap8-3m 1130 Broadway, New York

"A NEW ADVERTISEMENT."—A Good Friend. For circular and particulars address S. K. BLACK, Hayesville, Ashland county, Ohio.

THE FRANKLIN SAVING FUND,
No. 136 South Fourth St., Below Chestnut,
Pays five per cent Interest on Deposits. Agents for the sale of United States 7 3-10 Loans at Par, Government, State and City Loans and Stocks bought and sold for depositors and others on Commission.
mar18-3m

"TO DEALERS IN TOBACCO AND SEGARS."
Those wishing to purchase Tobacco and Segars, Pipes, &c., are requested to send for our Wholesale Price List as we manufacture Segars and Tobacco. By buying of us you can obtain the best qualities at first prices. M. B. DEAN, Tobacconist,
feb18-3m 413 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

MR. AND MRS. J. K. OBER, MAGNETIC AND CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIANS, 428 South THIRD Street, below Pine, Philadelphia. We cure all curable Chronic and Acute Diseases, by Practical Operations of a few minutes, without MEDICINE. ap8-4t

U.S. 7-30 Loan.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT.
GOLD BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are worth a premium, which increases the actual profit on the 7-30 loan, and its *exemption from State and municipal taxation, adds from one to three per cent. more*, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One cent per day on a		$50	note.
Two cents	" "	$100	"
Ten "	" "	$500	"
20 "	" "	$1,000	"
$1 "	" "	$5,000	"

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions, and the notes forwarded at once. The interest to 15th of June next will be paid in advance. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

Now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the

GREAT POPULAR LOAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Less than $300,000,000 of the Loan authorized by the last Congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the Loan, the National Banks, State Banks and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,
No. 114 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
ap22-3m PHILADELPHIA.

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-eowly

A SINGLE BOX OF BRANDRETH'S PILLS contains more vegetable extractive matter than twenty boxes of any pills in the world besides; fifty-five hundred physicians use them in their practice to the exclusion of other purgatives. The first letter of their value is yet scarcely appreciated. When they are better known sudden death and continued sickness will be of the past. Let those who know them speak right out in their favor. It is a duty which will save life.

Our race are subject to a redundancy of vitiated bile at this season, and it is as dangerous as it is prevalent; but Brandreth's Pills afford an invaluable and efficient protection. By their occasional use we prevent the collection of those impurities, which, when in sufficient quantities, cause so much danger to the body's health. They soon cure liver complaint, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, pain in the head, heart-burn, pain in the breast-bone, sudden faintness and costiveness.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.

Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. my6-6teow

RESISTANCE AT AN END!

Great news of brilliant achievements is arriving from every quarter. Heads that most furiously rebel against the laws of beauty, whether they be white, iron gray, sandy or glaring red, are everywhere

STRIKING THEIR COLORS,

And assuming the loveliest brown or the most lustrous and perfect black, under the swift operation of

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE

Which transfigures them in a few moments.
Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Sold by Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, $1, $1,50 and $2 per box, according to size.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.
Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. my6-6teow

HOW TO BE HAPPY.—Sent, post-paid, for 25 cts. Address Box 101, Amherst, N. H. ap29-2t

WIT AND HUMOR.

How to Tame a Husband.

I never undertook but once, said Tom, to set at nought the authority of my wife. You know her way—cool, quiet, but determined as ever grew. Just after we were married, and all was nice and cosy, she got into the habit of doing all the churning. She finished breakfast rather before me one morning, and, slipping away from the table, she filled the churn with cream, and set it down where I couldn't help seeing what was wanted. So I took hold readily enough, and churned till the butter came. She didn't thank me, but looked so nice and sweet about it that I felt well paid. Well, when the next churning came along, she did the same thing, and I followed suit and fetched the butter. Again and again I did the same thing, and I was regularly set for it every time; not a word said, you know, of course. Well, by-and-by, this began to be rather irksome; I wanted her just to ask me, but she never did, and I wouldn't say anything to save my life. So on we went. At last I made a resolve that I would not churn another time unless she asked me. Churning-day came, and when my breakfast—she always got nice breakfasts—when that was swallowed, there stood the churn. I got up, and standing a few minutes, just to give her a chance, I put on my hat and walked out of doors. I stopped in the yard to give her time to call me, but never a word said she, and so, with palpitating heart, I moved on. I went down town, and my foot was as restless as Noah's dove. I felt as if I had done a wrong; I did not feel exactly how, but there was an indescribable sensation of guilt resting on me. It seemed as if dinner-time would never come; and as for going home one minute before dinner-hour, I would as soon have cut my ears off. So I went fretting and moping about till the dinner-hour came. Home I went, feeling very much as a criminal must when the jury is out having in their hands his destiny—life or death. I couldn't make up my mind how she would meet me, but I expected some kind of a storm. Will you believe me—she even greeted me with a smile—never had a better dinner than on that day; but there stood the churn just where I left it. Not a word was said. I felt confoundedly cut, and every mouthful of that dinner felt as if it would choke me. She didn't pay any regard to it, however, but went on just the same as if nothing had happened. Before dinner was over I had again resolved, and marched to the churn, and went at it in the old way. Splash, dip, rattle—I kept it up. As if in spite, the butter never seemed so long in coming; I supposed the cream standing so long had got warm, and so I redoubled my efforts. Obstinate matter, the afternoon wore off while I was churning. I paused at last from real exhaustion, when she spoke for the first time. "Come, Tom, my dear, you have rattled that buttermilk long enough. Is it for fun you are doing it?" I knew how it was in a flash. She had brought the butter in the forenoon, and had left the buttermilk in for me to exercise with! I never set up for myself in household matters after that memorable day.—*American Paper.*

How to Write a Sensation Story.—An Ajax in the army of blood-and-thunder story writers tells his followers how to do the thing. "Whenever you wish to get up a story in the 'sensation' style, do it in this wise: If you have occasion to remark that your hero drank a jug of beer, say, 'He revelled in the foam-covered liquid—he swallowed it wildly, furiously—paused for breath—again sank his nose, mouth and chin into the gigantic tankard, and, with an appalling oath, that shook the rafters of the crazy barn, shouted—'Tis done! ha! ha! I've swigged it all—all—every drop! ha! ha! You see at once the picturesqueness of the latter mode of description; and yet you will observe, after all, that it expresses the same event as the first miserable sentence, namely—the fact of his drinking some beer."

The Tables Turned.—"Charley," said a father to his son, "why don't you get up early in the morning? If you would get up one hour earlier, you would live just one hour longer every day; because, when you are asleep, you know nothing, cannot play, and are just the same as if you were dead." In the evening he said: "Come, Charley, go to bed, and shut your eyes, and sleep, and rest."

"Oh, no, father," said Charley. "Let's play; *let's live* a little longer whilst we can; because, you know, when we are asleep we're just the same as dead."

A Representative of Uncle Sam.—In Cairo, Illinois, a great many contrabands are working for Uncle Samuel. A few days ago, one of them had occasion to ride a horse, and coming to a very muddy place in the road, he naturally took to the plank sidewalk near a house. An eye-witness happening to be in the house at the time, ran out and ordered the "shade" to "get off the walk, or he would have him fined." Contraband gruffly replied, "I guess dis gov'ment rides where it pleases!"—and rode on, leaving the eye-witness slightly nonplussed.

Unfortunate Comparison.—A lady entered a dry goods store in ——— street, and expressed a desire to see some wool delaines. The polite clerk, with elegant address, showed her a variety of pieces of fine texture and choice coloring. After tossing and examining to her heart's content, she remarked: "The goods are part cotton, sir." "My dear madam," returned the shopman, "these goods are as free from cotton as your breast is—(the lady starts)—free from guile," he added.

Lost his Balance.—"Who is he?" said a passer-by to a policeman, who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen into the gutter. "Can't say, sir," replied the policeman; "he can't give an account of himself." "Of course not," replied the other, with an expression of much surprise; "how can you expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

☞ "A runaway's wife" memoralizes the Ohio Legislature for the passage of a law providing that the wives of runaways from the draft shall be entitled to an immediate divorce on application.

☞ Mrs. Jobation lately had her likeness taken by a photographer, who executed it so well that her husband prefers it to the original.

☞ Receipt for making trowsers last—Make the coat and vest first.

Ferocious Amateur.—"If any man will tell me that that's a copy, I'll—I'll knock him down!——Now, what's your candid opinion?"

A Little Romance.

Some years ago a handsome gipsy was taken from her companions by a lady of fortune residing near Southampton, who educated her in the most finished manner, adopted her as her own child, and introduced her in the best circles. She was so much admired, that she attracted the attention and won the heart of a young gentleman of fortune, whom she consented to marry. When the day for the ceremony arrived, she fled from her home, and not until some time afterward was it known where she had gone. She at length returned to her protectress in gipsy garb, and informed her that an irresistible yearning, which had long been growing upon her, compelled her to rejoin her gipsy friends, where she had found a husband. Apologizing thus for her apparent ingratitude, she departed. It was discovered that she had attached herself to a rough, unprincipled man, who treated her in the most cruel manner, but to whom, notwithstanding, she continued to devote herself with unabated affection. This person having committed some crime, which was about to doom him to transportation, was pardoned through her intercession with her former lover, and by the aid of the powerful influence of the family that had protected her. Strange to say that, when liberated, and about to leave the hall where he was temporarily confined, the felon, meeting his gipsy wife on a plank near the water, when she was expecting to receive his grateful thanks, actually jostled her off, and she was very near drowned. She continued her devoted attention to the wretch for several years, until he was finally executed. She did not long survive him. The story is true, and the heroine's name was Charlotte Stanley. The conclusion is not such as we like in novels or dramas, but this reversed picture of life would be a curious subject for the stage.

Portrait of L. E. L.

I can see her now—her dark silken hair braided back over a small, but what phrenologists would call a well-developed head; her forehead full and open, but the hair grew low upon it. The eyebrow perfect in arch and form; the eyes round, soft, or flashing, as they might be, grey, well formed, and beautifully set, the lashes long and black, the under lashes turning down with a delicate curve, and forming a soft relief upon the tint of her cheek, which, when she enjoyed good health, was bright and blushing. Her complexion was delicately fair; her skin soft and transparent; her nose small, (*retrousse,*) the nostril well defined, slightly curved, but capable of a scornful expression, which she did not appear to have the power of repressing, even though she gave her thoughts no words, when any mean or despicable action was alluded to. It would be difficult to describe her mouth; it was neither flat nor pouting, neither large nor small; the under jaw projected a little beyond the upper. Her smile was deliciously animated; her teeth white, small, and even; and her voice and laugh soft, low, and musical. Her ears were of peculiar beauty, and all who study the beauty of the human head, know that the ear is either very pleasing to look on, or much the contrary; hers were small, and of a delicate hue. Her hands and feet were even smaller than her sylph-like figure would have led one to expect. She would have been of perfect symmetry, but that her shoulders were rather high. Her movements, when not excited by animated conversation, were graceful and ladylike, but when excited they became sudden and almost abrupt.—*Mrs. S. C. Hall, in the Art Journal.*

Religion and Health.

Henry Ward Beecher, in his Lecture Room Talks, thinks that health is the first step towards a healthy religious experience. He says:—

"You will say, perhaps, 'What, then, is there no religion for the infirm and sick?' Yes; but that does not alter the fact that in their religious experiences, they are more or less gloomy and desponding. It is not always the effect of disease to produce gloom and despondency; sometimes it heightens the sensibilities; but as a general thing, religious experiences are sounder and more rational in a healthy mind and a healthy body. So—I say that—as the first step you must be healthy, if you expect to have broad and deep and sweet experiences. Health is a Christian duty. I have heard persons praying, and praying, and praying, for the presence of God; and I have thought that, if they would eat less, and work more, and spend twice as much time in the open air, they would not need to pray so much. What they wanted was not answer to prayer, but simple obedience to the laws of God in nature."

☞ Silence is the softest response for all the contradictions that arise from impertinence, vulgarity and envy.

Two Bad Habits.

There are two weaknesses in our habits which are very common, and which are very prejudicial to our welfare. The first is giving way to the ease or indulgence of the moment, instead of doing at once what ought to be done. This practice almost diminishes the beneficial effects of our actions, and often lead us to abstain from action altogether; as, for instance, if at this season of the year there is a gleam of sunshine, of which we feel we ought to take advantage, but we have not the resolution to leave at the moment a comfortable seat or an attractive occupation, we miss the most favorable opportunity, and, perhaps, at last, justify ourselves for remaining in-doors on the ground that the time for exercise is past. One evil attendant upon the habit of procrastination is, that it produces a certain dissatisfaction of the mind which impedes and deranges the animal functions, and tends to prevent the attainment of a high state of health. A perception of what is right, followed by a promptness of execution, would render the way of life perfectly smooth. Children should be told to do nothing but what is reasonable, but they should be taught to do what they are told at once. The habit will stand them instead all their lives. The second weakness is, when we have made a good resolution, and have partially failed in executing it, we are very apt to abandon it altogether. For instance if a person who has been accustomed to rise at ten resolves to rise at six, and after a few successful attempts happens to sleep till seven, there is great danger that he will relapse into his former habit, or probably even go beyond it, and lie till noon. It is the same with resolutions of economy or temperance, or anything else; if we cannot do all we intended, or make one slip, we are apt to give up entirely. Now, what we should aim at is, always do the best we can under existing circumstances; and then our progress, with the exception of slight interruptions, would be continual.

☞ A legal reform is about to be carried out in France. It is decided that the judge of assize shall wear scarlet robes, "in order to spread more terror among the audience!"

☞ How fish hang around the bait till they are hooked, said the deacon, as he pushed through the crowd of fops waiting the egress of the ladies at a church door.

AGRICULTURAL.

Economizing Space.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is better economy to cultivate five acres thoroughly than to murder fifty agriculturally. Instead of expending our ambition and energy on the greatest possible area, scrambled over, let us persuade our pride to crop out in producing maximum yields from minimum surfaces.

In our corn-fields—where we are not Missourians or "sucker" farmers, counting our *mulsed* acres by the hundreds, let us drop in every hill a couple of some of the better sorts of climbing beans, and at every fourth hill a pumpkin seed. The cultivation of the main crop serves for the auxiliary ones, and the produce of bean and pumpkin vines will more than repay that, leaving the principal crop a clear gain.

Many of our vegetables are absolutely gainers by close connection with plants of another habit than their own. As for instance, potatoes and cabbages, onions and lettuce, cucumbers and radishes, peas and parsley, beets and bell peppers, egg plants and summer savory.

In the patch of potatoes, planted for early eating, after the last hoeing, set out winter savory, or other late cabbages intended for winter stock, planting them centrally between the potato hills, so that in digging the latter, the same draught of the hoe draws the cap of the hill, the very best fertilizer the cabbage can have to the plant, and the profitable occupation of the patch is perpetuated.

In planting cucumbers sprinkle in a few radish seeds of the finer sorts. The result will be famous radishes, and improved cucumbers. After the last weeding of onions, and the breaking down of the tops, sow among them lettuce seed. A finer flavored onion and more crisp, tenderer lettuce will be the reward.

With beets, put in here and there, pepper seeds. Both vegetables will be improved in size and quality. Peas and parsley, though antagonistic in their habits, are both gainers by near associations.

When the tobacco field is "laid by," sow over it rutabaga or round turnip seed. The tobacco loses nothing; the turnip is the gainer in several respects, and two crops on the same ground, with only the labor required for one has been achieved. Cosmo.

Clean Your Cellars.

If not already done, thoroughly purge this subterranean story of your house. Every decayed onion, cabbage stump, potato-vine or tuber, turnip, parsnip, carrot and all the dirt they have made, all straw and rubbish, rake them up and out with them. The cellar is no place for them at any time of the year. If you still retain a few potatoes for table use let them be picked over and all decayed ones removed. One of the best housewives of our acquaintance, greeted us not long since with an invitation to come and see her cellar. "I have swept down every cobweb, whitewashed the walls, swept up the floor, and sowed it with salt." Decayed vegetable matter is a fertile cause of disease, and there is enough of it out of doors in this country without heaping it up in the cellar for the special purpose, it would almost seem, of breeding fevers. Whitewash the walls, for lime purifies as well as beautifies. Rake down the cobwebs, they are the infallible marks of a slattern. Salt destroys worms, &c. If your cellar is very dry and sandy, you may use salt without detriment; but if too damp it will make the matter worse.

Leaf Dropping of Pear Trees.—In the report of the Am. Pom. Society's meeting at Rochester, one of the members is said to have stated that good winter pears could not well be raised because of the delicacy of foliage peculiar to many varieties, causing them to drop their leaves prematurely. All orchardists know that good and perfect leaves are requisite to perfect ripening of fruit, but all perhaps do not know that manuring the pear tree with solution of sulphate of iron—copperas water, will prevent leaf blight and keep the tree in full vigor to the end of the season.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Vermin.—Benzine is one of the surest and speediest means of destroying lice and vermin of any kind that we have ever tried. We would try it, applying with a brush, or old mop, upon the roosts, and about the sides of the henery, wherever the insects "most do congregate."—*Mass. Ploughman.*

The vitality of seeds may be tested by putting into a tin pan a thin, green sod, grass uppermost. On this, place a quantity of sod, with the grass side down. Moisten the whole with hot water, keep near a stove, and in a short time the seeds will show whether they may be depended on or not.

Food for Chickens.—A writer in Wilkes' Spirit recommends for chickens for the first week after hatching, a hard-boiled egg, to be given, chopped fine, at least twice a day, wheat steeped in milk, and coarse Indian meal, bread crumbs, etc.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

German Doughnuts.—One pint of milk, half a pound of flour, salt to taste. Boil the milk and pour it over the flour; beat it very smooth, and when it is cool, have ready the eggs, well beaten; pour them into the milk and flour, add the salt and as much more flour as will make the whole into a soft dough. Flour your board, turn the dough out upon it; roll it into pieces as thick as your finger, and turn them into the form of a ring. Cook them in plenty of boiling lard, and sugar them when cool.

Mutton to Eat like Venison.—Take a loin of mutton and bone it; lay it on the fat side in a stew pan, with an onion stuck over with cloves, until the meat is slightly brown. Then pour over it one pint of broth, a gill of port wine, half a gill of catsup, and let all stew together gently for three hours. Serve with a rich brown sauce.

Copying Writing.—If a little sugar be added to the ink, a copy of the writing may easily be taken off by laying a sheet of unsized paper, damped with a sponge, on the written paper, and passing over it a flat iron moderately heated.

Coffee.—I suppose every one has something to say upon the subject of coffee, but perhaps my mite of information may be acceptable. Having lived much in France, where coffee is almost the national beverage, I have observed that attention is paid to several points which are very lightly regarded in England. We are generally satisfied with whatever the grocer chooses to send us in the way of coffee, even the ready-ground mixture, and any defect in the flavor is attributed to errors in making the coffee. Machines without end are invented for coffee-making, some of the most remarkable shapes and classical names are not unfrequently combining "a startling effect" with their other qualities, in case the safety valve is mismanaged. But the real secret of good coffee lies in the choosing and roasting the grain; all the rest is mechanical. The coffee must be of different qualities—Berbice, plantation, Martinique, Mocha, &c.—and not of one sort only. Mocha alone makes very washy stuff. Secondly, these different sorts must be roasted separately, as one will require much more time than another, and if roasted together one would be underdone while the other was burnt. The French roast their coffee every morning in a little cylinder turned by hand over a charcoal fire, and all the husks are carefully blown away before grinding. It should be ground while hot, and immediately made into coffee. I do not think an egg is required to make good coffee. When I was a fag at Winchester I made it to the satisfaction of my master; and all we used to clear it was a small bit of dried soleskin. In other respects the method recommended by "Mocha" is correct, and there is no need of percolators, or incubators, or hydraulics, or hydrostatics, to make a good cup of coffee. But instead of only pouring out one teacupful, after the coffee was put into the biggin, our fashion was to pour it backwards and forwards seven times. A little bit of stick was put into the coffee-pot to prevent it boiling over, and when it began to boil fast a cup of cold water was thrown in, and after standing a little it was as clear as amber.

—— A word more on this subject. Never was such a thing heard of in France as an egg or any portion of it being employed for making good coffee; nor even boiling an hour or any other given time whatever—the boiling water passing through the coffee is all that is required to make it as it ought to be. It can do no harm (if necessary) to place it on the stove to keep it hot, but it is better to drink it directly.

THE RIDDLER.

Mythological Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 3, 16, 8, 4, was a daughter of Saturn.
My 18, 9, 20, 3, 11, is a mountain near Argos.
My 13, 19, 12, 18, 4, 8, 11, was a sister of Mars.
My 7, 5, 2, 17, 4, was one of the Muses.
My 14, 12, 4, 10, 2, was the goddess of gardens.
My 1, 7, 8, 17, 4, 20, was a friend of Ulysses.
My 15, 7, 18, 12, 4, 8, 2, was the goddess of war.
My 11, 6, 2, 1, 19, 1, 8, 4, 8, was a brother of Menelaus.
My whole is a lawyer and general.
Newport, R. I. EDWARD NEWTON.

Enigma.

A few months since the following enigma was sent to a London newspaper by a person who stated that neither he nor his friends had been clever enough to discover the solution, though they had the puzzle two or three years in their possession:

Himself he stood beside himself,
And looked into the sea,
And in himself he saw himself,
And wondered mightily.
And when himself within himself
He saw himself go round,
Into himself he threw himself,
And in himself was drowned.
Now if it had not been himself,
But any beast beside,
Himself he might have cut himself,
Nor in himself have died.

The last issue has the following answer from a contributor:—"The solution of the clever riddle is, 'A Neddy (donkey) and an Eddy.'"

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entire, I am a lattice work in prisons.
Behead me, and I am a fixed price or amount.
Transpose me, and we have a well-known weed.
Again, and a sign of sadness comes to view.
Behead, and an organ of the human body you will see.
Transpose, and a French measure remains.
Cincinnati, O. S. HORACE G.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is the capital of France;
My second belongs to you;
My third belongs to my sister Nance;
My fourth to everything new.
My fifth you will find is the end of your money,
And my whole, I think, is decidedly funny.
Tallahoma, Tenn. GAHMEW.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in could, and also in would.
My 2d is in shall, and also in should.
My 3d is in good, as well as in great.
My 4th is in crooked, and also in straight.
My 5th is in hall, and also in stable.
My 6th not in aid, but always in enable.
My 7th never absent when we set the table.
And now I have given all the hints that I can,
My whole is the name of a very great man.
Alton, Ill. MULTUM IN PARVO.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A part of the human body,
You'll find my first to be;
My second is something, good friend,
That's much desired by thee.

My whole is very seldom known,
And yet 'tis often seen;
'Tis rare as angels' visits are,
Yet common as the green.
Pittsburg, Pa. KATE.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a room which has a *slanting* ceiling. The room is 20 feet 6 inches long, 16 feet 3 inches broad, and 10 feet 4 inches in height at *the highest point*, and 8 feet 2 inches at *the lowest point*. What will the coloring of the walls cost, at 25 cents per square yard, deducting a fireplace, 5 feet 2 inches by 4 feet 3 inches, a door 7 feet by 4 feet 2 inches, and two windows each 6 feet by 3 feet 2 inches?
CAPT. L. B. CHESTER.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The centre of a sphere 20 inches in diameter is situated at the extremity of the major axis of an ellipse whose principal diameters are 100 and 60 inches, and the centre of another sphere 40 inches in diameter is situated at the focus farthest from the first sphere. Find a point in the periphery of the ellipse from which the greatest amount of spherical surface shall be visible. WALTER SIVERLY.
Oil City, Venango Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the difference between a darkey sergeant and mud? Ans.—One "closes de files," and the other defiles the clothes.

☞ When is a gambler like Hamlet's gravedigger? Ans.—When he covers a heart with a spade, and says *Now feel you* (Ophelia.)

☞ When may he be called the "power behind the throne?" Ans.—When he plays the deuce and throws an old king on the floor.

☞ When is he a perfect robber? Ans.—When he swings a club and takes your diamonds.

☞ When does he resemble a stingy man at a bar? Ans.—When he orders something up and goes it alone.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Vasco Nunez De Balboa, the navigator. CHARADE—Shiloh (shy-low.) RIDDLE—There is nothing like true virtue. RIDDLE—Price, (pie, rice.)